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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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THE TAMMANY TIGER LOOSE
"What are you going to do about it?" (Thomas Nast's first use of the famous tiger symbol.)

An Arsenal for A Tiger Hunt

TAMMANY AT BAY. By James E. Finegan. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

OVER sixty years ago Tammany ceased to be a political phenomenon of merely local interest, and has ever since had a maleficent fascination for the whole country. For this continental attraction, even in regions where the thing Tammany is so little understood as to stand vaguely for something superhumanly evil and unnatural, the object of it is indebted to the short-lived but colossal transmutation of politics into robbery which went, at the time, under the name of "The Ring." Since then, as rings have multiplied the country over, it has become necessary to particularize it as "the Tweed Ring." For years after its downfall, it was still so extraordinary a monstrosity that short one-volume histories, giving only the principal items in American history, gave it as much space as they did some great event like the laying of the Atlantic cable or the creation of transcontinental railroads.

How nation-wide this interest is Mr. Finegan unintentionally shows by the anti-Tammany cartoon which is his frontispiece, and which is from the *Los Angeles Times;* far enough away. But the interest is far more than national; for example, Guglielmo Ferrero in Rome, referring to bossism in Caesar's day, writes of it as a "Tammany"; Joseph McCabe, in England, describing the recently-fallen political system in Spain, translates the word "caciquismo" as "[illegible]any"; and each does so in full confidence that his readers thoroughly understand what he means.

This more than national interest in Tammany is always excited when there is a prospect of its overthrow, as there is this Fall. Contrary to a general belief, Tammany's history is studded with overthrows, and this year there is present every sign that ever heralded its defeat in the past. Therefore Mr. Finegan has shown a meticulous precision in his title, "Tammany at Bay." Tammany is much more evidently "at bay" than it was in 1913, when it met the worst defeat it has encountered in this century. If it goes

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Black Greyhound

DARK HAZARD. By W. R. Burnett. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSBY

I HAVE thoroughly enjoyed this story. Mr. Burnett is an unusually satisfactory constructor of fiction. He knows how to tell a tale that commands one's attention. He creates people who are individuals, not rubber-stamps and not too freakish for credence. His people are of the rank-and-file, but they have their own inalienable characteristics. And when he writes of a particular *milieu,* he "knows his stuff."

"Dark Hazard" is, as the publishers have already told you, the story of a gambler. Inasmuch as he has within him that usually vague yearning for "something for nothing" which is fundamental with the human race, he strikes a responsive chord in the breast. Not a bad fellow at all, not without his loyalties and his good intentions, at heart a romanticist and something of a sentimentalist, Jim Turner, eating his heart out as night clerk in a Chicago hotel (a rover who has settled down with a fine wife of conventional mold), dreams of the race-track with which he has formerly been associated. Through a row with the *Northland's* best tenant, he gets his unexpected chance to "up stakes" and enter again the uncertain world of racing, though not with "the ponies." He gets a job at a dog track. He is sent out to Crescent City in California, to "look after things." Marg, his wife, goes with him.

The dogs are not whippets. They are greyhounds. The description of the sport or industry of racing them is interesting and exciting. The new work involves Jim in certain difficulties, and Marg leaves him, to return to her family, have her baby, and wait till he gets over some of his "wild ideas." She doesn't like the life.

Chief of Jim's "wild ideas" has been the desire to buy a certain black greyhound by whose "points" and exploits he has been profoundly thrilled. He loves that dog like a brother. The dog's name is "Dark Hazard." But Jim's luck is out after Marg leaves him, and next we find him turning up at Barrowville, Ohio, her home town, broke and without a job. He settles down for a while, to live with Marg, George Mayhew, and Jim's own youngster whom he now sees for the first time. Marg tells

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"A Rose Is a Rose"*

BY BERNARD FAŸ

WHEN she was a little girl in Oakland, California, Miss Stein spent a great deal of her time in the public library. She read Shakespeare and she read Lincoln; she read the British Encyclopedia, and she read "Les Miserables" of Victor Hugo; and it was such a pleasure for her that it became a worry after a time. What would she do when she had read all the books? The idea made her very sad and distressed. Later when she went to Radcliffe and when she went to Johns Hopkins, and when she saw all the big libraries in the East, she felt less afraid. And now she is quite happy. Though she has very good health and very good eyes and though she reads a great deal every day she feels that there will always be a great number of books she can read. She will never have to stop reading. She will never have to stop living as long as she lives.

For Miss Stein, her books and all the books are her friends and companions, and life. Other writers like well enough to write, but they don't care to read, and they are overwhelmed by the number of books published. I remember a man, a very sensitive and very gifted writer, who couldn't enter a library without fainting. He said, "How shall I ever be able to write any more when I see all these dead books of dead people?" Most authors are jealous of the books which are not their own books, because they are mostly authors. But Miss Stein likes all books because writing for her is not an acquired trade but a way of living, and life. Books of all kinds she collects around her, good books and bad books, silly books and clever books, long books and short books, books of her friends and books of her enemies. She likes the feeling of life that comes out of this great mass of literature; she enjoys this huge stream of words flowing through the ages.

When I met her in the small, queer, and cosmopolitan, literary Paris where she has her home, I was surprised to find a healthy woman of genius where most people had told me I should find an extraordinarily clever and abnormal magician. Around her I could see a great many writers young and old, who were cultivating their literary talents just as Ripley's freaks cultivate their oddities, just as in a Barnum and Bailey circus the bearded woman is careful to have her hair grow. For a great many writers of our time literature is a useful disease that keeps them alive at the same time that it keeps them sick. It obliges them to lead a rather unhealthy life, but it provides them with bread and a certain amount of fame. They feel that they are abnormal and live an abnormal existence in a world where scientific truth rules over the minds and where social duties govern the bodies and masses. They do not enjoy their abnormality any more than a fat goose enjoys carrying inside her the valuable diseased liver which will later make her glory and sell very well as a *paté de foie gras.*

These men are amusing; they often do original work; they sometimes write good books; and they happen now and then to make a great piece of writing—but they are responsible for most of the unpleasant atmosphere and bad reputation that surrounds contemporary literature. I have enjoyed meeting them and seeing them and talking with them and looking at them as I look at a moving picture screen, but then it was a relief to leave them and go and breathe the fresh air and walk in the street where people allow themselves to walk and behave as they please.

And there in the street I met again Miss Stein; she had had fun in looking at the literary freaks, but she wasn't one of them, and she enjoyed the fresh air of the outside and the gay noise of the street. She wasn't afraid that it might hurt her reputation, her talent, or her style. Her writings are not tricks, but life, and I have been sure of it since I met her and since I have read her books, and everybody will see it in reading the "Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas." There has never been a more entertaining and more easy walk through life than this book.

In the "Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas," Miss Alice Toklas, the faithful friend of Gertrude Stein, describes the life, opinions, and conversations of Miss Stein, with the help of Miss Stein's pen. She knows Miss Stein very well, and the picture is very true. Of course it is also a picture of Paris, pre-war Paris and artistic Paris, cosmopolitan Paris and Paris of Montmartre, the Americans of Paris and the Parisians of the United States, the streets of Paris and the studios of Paris. It is a picture of the birth and growth of that new art which has shocked so many people and which has become such an essential feature of our modern life. It is a very rich picture of a very rich world, and it is a big panorama where hundreds of people come and go, but of

* *THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ALICE B. TOKLAS. New York: Harcourt, Brace.* 1933. $3.50.

This Week

JANUARY ACONITES
A Poem by RICHARD ALDINGTON

THE BLAIR FAMILY
By WILLIAM E. SMITH
Reviewed by Allan Nevins

THE GOLD FALCON
Reviewed by William Rose Benét

ORIGINAL DESIGN
By EARDLEY BESWICK
Reviewed by Elmer Davis

THE KAISER GOES
By THEODOR PLIVIER
Reviewed by Arthur Ruhl

ANDREW'S HARVEST
By JOHN EVANS
Reviewed by Clinton Simpson

AMERICA THROUGH WOMEN'S EYES
Edited by MARY BEARD
Reviewed by Amy Loveman

THE BOWLING GREEN
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Next Week or Later

H. G. WELLS'S INTERNATIONALISM
By LAWRENCE DENNIS

GAMALIEL BRADFORD'S JOURNAL
A Review by DEWOLFE HOWE

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course the center of the picture and the best part of it is Miss Stein.

"Miss Stein," "Gertrude," "Mademoiselle Stein," "la Dame du Fond de la Cour," as she is known by the public, the artists, her concièrge, and the delivery boys, should rather be known by the motto which she put for a long time on top of her paper: "A rose is a rose." It is a very good motto and one that struck me at once, because though I have seen, and met, in my life a great many roses, I knew very well that most of these roses of my experiences had not been roses. It seems that most of the time a rose tries to be something else than a rose—and unfortunately succeeds only too well. The ambition of roses nowadays is to turn orchids or carnations or peonies or anything, but very few roses indeed admit that they are roses and stick to that.

One day in Paris there were some young writers, French and Americans, in Miss Stein's studio, rue de Fleurus, talking and discussing; and they were talking, with indignant undertones and innuendoes, of a fellow who had just achieved a great literary success through rather doubtful methods. Miss Stein intervened in the conversation and, to their great surprise, she was not indignant at all. They insisted on knowing her mind: "Why," she said, "don't you know that all writers, good or bad, at a time try to sell themselves and to sell their souls. They do, but all of them do not succeed. It is not given to everybody to be cheap." Some roses are real roses.

A good many people are able to live interesting lives, and it is not very exceptional to have a useful life. Others have a rich life or an exciting life or an intelligent life. Very few people lead their own lives—their true lives. How could they? So few people are really interested in what they do; so few people love what they love. The insurance system seems to be the supreme rule of modern time. Whenever you do a thing, you act as if it were a mistake or as if it were going to be a

GERTRUDE STEIN AND BERNARD FAŸ

to be intelligent because other people will testify to your intelligence, or you lead an exciting life because that will make you forget everything else. But few people trust themselves enough to choose the life they like, live it, and avoid being distracted from it by precautions or excitements. Miss Stein has done it.

When she was a girl she liked books; when she grew up she liked books and literature; and later she loved books and writing. And she very aptly put aside everything else, filled her house with books, works of art and friends, and didn't bother about other things. This sincerity is a great courage, and as a matter of fact, Miss Stein is one of the most courageous human beings I know. I can prove it. There are many women who like blown glass objects, but they generally put them carefully aside and under showcases, and whenever one of their friends goes near the showcases they push him aside. Miss Stein loves blown glass figures, and she has them all over the place, and she never puts them in a showcase, and as she has also two dogs, a big, clumsy, white dog and a sweet, bold, small, black dog, and endless friends including Poles, Czechs, and Hungarians, very few of her glass things are ever unbroken or complete. But she carries on. She has never given up her glass figures for her friends; she has never given up her friends for her glass figures.

She has never apologized for being a writer, first and finally.

She is an exception. Most of our writers are social apostles, religious prophets, political propagandists, or ice cream salesmen. What we call modern art and modernistic literature is very often merely politics. I would not like to be thought to criticize Mr. Mencken, who is a powerful pamphleteer, or Mr. Dreiser, who is a noble soul, nor Mr. Joyce, who is an immensely clever Irishman, nor M. Valéry, one of the finest *academicians* France ever had, nor M. Gide, who has written such good things about the Bible and about animals. But isn't it clear after all that Mr. Dreiser feels that the world needs his novels to know the final truth about society, that Mr. Mencken is obliged to write because he thinks America wouldn't be quite American without his teachings? As for Mr. Joyce, his metaphysic of language makes of him an excellent pedagogue, but it is seldom that such a good pedagogue can also be a writer of equal distinction. M. Valéry claims that for him writing has become impossible, and M. Gide has avowedly become the high priest of the cult to which he devoutly gives his zeal and literary talent. All of them write as you and I take a bus.

For many people contemporary literature is synonymous with political radicalism, communism, and several other "isms." And it is true that many writers who had begun by being interested in literature and literary discoveries have turned into political men, or even politicians. But if they did so, it is not because their literary achievements led them there, but because they had reached as far as they could reach in the literary field and were compelled to find something else or to acknowledge their failure. Newness in literature is not putting new wine —or supposedly new wine—in old jars but discovering new jars which will fit the wine of the year. The gospel says it somewhere, but the writers generally overlook it. After all it is so much more easy to be preaching than to write. And it is so much a safer thing to have a political following than to try to be understood [illegible] writers after forty; they know very well that the great masses of human beings are seldom interested in ideas in literature but are interested in religion, politics, vices, and advertisements; consequently all of them try to "stabilize" their value by an alliance of some kind with a political party, a religious organization, or some branch of big business; and the so-called radicals are often those who, lacking the courage of acknowledging publicly this failure, try to cover it up by preaching theories which sound new. The worst is that quite often they are sincere. It is not even given to all great writers—to be intelligent. Victor Hugo was very stupid.

When you enter the drawing room where Miss Toklas, sitting on her little armchair, is filling out with needlework a sketch that Picasso has drawn for her, and where Miss Stein, seated between busts of George Washington and his wife made of ivory soap and the latest paintings of Sir Francis Rose, is preparing a new edition of "Three Lives," you feel that modernity there is not a trick, but a way of living and a real life. It is not a craze; it is a pleasure, and for years it has been so; it is familiar and an everyday joy.

Miss Stein was always fond of books, but she came to writing as a choice, and, after trying sciences, she chose writing because she felt that it was the best approach to modern life and the most alive part of life. She had first studied philosophy at Harvard under William James and obstetrics at Johns Hopkins and she had been very good at both, though in the long run she had found obstetrics a little monotonous and not as enlightening as she expected and as Wiliam James had made her think it might be. That is why she turned to Europe. She liked it very much; she became exceedingly fond of it because of what it was, because of what she made of it, and because of what it helped her to make.

Even at its best, what science enables us to do is things, while art and literature, even if they are rotten, create human types, and human minds. And man, though he may like to play with things, can never be completely taken by things, they are stiff and uniform, they lack life and after all nothing can interest man quite as much as himself. A primarily scientific civilization would be an essentially mechanistic one, and a very dull one. Science will only be interesting in the long run if it finally helps us to create, by a very roundabout way, a modern and new humanity. Up to now it has only created machines and masses, things and animals. The two dullest things in modern life are the tour of a factory and an aviation meet.

What Gertrude Stein discovered in Paris in 1903 was that art was in process of creating a new human mind; and [illegible] modern art.

For a writer art is the most amusing game. Of course it is merely a game, but it is a game that does not spoil literature, as does politics or scientific activities or preaching. Preaching and politics oblige one's mind to take social problems profoundly seriously; they destroy the freedom of the mind, the ability to be interested in the universal and the individual. Science obliges the mind to get used to a rationalistic and systematic method that is no good for the artist. Science trains you to count and avoid understanding; it gives you very good means to measure things, but it insists that you should feel and react as little as possible, while art and literature require a rich and deep ability to react, feel, dream, and act freely.

In the long run there are only two games that do not spoil the writer's mind: love and art. But art is more permanent. I should not like to be quoted as speaking against love, whose great social qualities I acknowledge, and whose valuable contribution to literature I fully realize, but love in general is too much bound with exaggeration and childishness. It induces bad habits in writers and artists; even a very gifted and genial race like the Italians have finally fallen victims to overindulgence in love; and I sometimes feel afraid that the brilliant literary youth of the United States from whom I expect so much may find itself misled by this common mistake, by believing that only love affairs constitute real topics for literature.

Anyhow Miss Stein became interested in art; and her studio in Paris became the center of the group of modern painters who are known under the name of "Cubists." She bought their pictures when other people were still making fun of them, and she bought them for 200 francs while these same people ten years later bought them for 20,000 francs. She helped them when they had not yet received the legion of honor. She gave them good dinners to eat when they were still hungry, while the fashionable people later gave them good dinners when they already had fame and dyspepsia. She took them seriously at a time when everybody was making fun of them; and she never ceased laughing with them and eventually laughing at them whenever there was a good opportunity, because she knew modern art, and she was too fond of it to be scared or bluffed by it.

Most people criticize "modern art"; some love "modern art"; very few understand, even fewer enjoy it. And they praise or blame it as a whole, because they do not understand it; and of all the reasons they have not to understand it, the outstanding one is that they take it much too seriously, they damn it or extol it in a most indiscriminate manner. In fact a bad modern painter is more irritating than a bad old master, because what he does is more directly and personally offensive to us. But for the same reason a good modern painter brings into our life things that an old master would never bring. Only in the mess of everyday life, of everyday discussion, of everyday worry it is difficult to distinguish the good modern painter from the bad one. It is more easy to praise or reject all of them. Of course Miss Stein could never do that; she was not born a preacher, and she has the gayest, most spontaneous, most enlightened laugh I have ever heard. on the whole continent of Europe who can laugh like her. I *do not* find any other laugh like that in the whole of European literature: Voltaire's laugh was shrill, and he looked at you while he was laughing; Rabelais's laugh was boisterous and noisy and he was apt to sneeze and spit while he was laughing. Goethe's laugh came more from the throat, Dante did not laugh, and we have reason to believe that Plato had false teeth.)

Miss Stein is a great relief in a world where everybody is pompous, and particularly in literary circles. It is clear, some are pompous because they are official and then they have to be pompous, others are pompous because they are not official; they are "radical," or "apostles" of some kind, and as such they feel that they have "a mission"—hence they are pompous. I know many of them, and so do you. But after all they are colleagues, let us pass over that. It happens also now and then that modern art is pompous, and that is ghastly. The value of modern art, indeed, rests in the fact that it is a new escape from a new slavery, the slavery of the crowd, of standardization, of monotony, of the overcrowded earth, of the overorganized crowd, of the overconscious multitude. We are so many nowadays, and we live so near each other that we never have a chance to live our own life alone except through the help of religion or art. But art itself very quickly ceases to be a personal stimulation and becomes a social element if it is not constantly renewed. It has to be recreated daily to have daily a meaning for the daily soul of men.

Forms wear off, lines wear off, there is nothing that life does not spoil and wear off. The greatest things may resist death, they do not resist life indefinitely. Copies, comments, industry, the daily use of a sentence or of an image fatally debase it, and nothing, not even the Venus of Milo, the Parthenon of Athens, is immune from this dreadful scourge. Only modern art by creating constantly new forms can save art and give a new life to old art. Modern art is not a blasphemy, it is a relay; and

January Aconites

By RICHARD ALDINGTON

THE aconites twist and drag themselves
Up from the naked rainless earth,
And make little havens of petals
Among the gray clouds under the stark snaky vines.

And if one day is trampled underfoot
Or another forced awry and another stunted,
Still there are days and days and golden days
Like aconite stars under the gray heaven of olives.

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the "social workers" who see in it progress or the achievement of a final ideal are about as enlightened as the nice old lady who sees in it all Bolshevik propaganda. Greek art was killed by the bad imitations the Romans made of it, Roman art was killed not by the barbarians (the poor fellows admired it too much and too naively), but by the silly and endless imitations made of it all over the world; and in modern times if amongst all European arts French art has been one of the more permanent it is because it was also the one where the changes of formulas have been the most frequent and the most radical.

Of course a very large part of modern art is horrible and flat and we have got to laugh it off, as Miss Stein does, but for the rest we have to realize that it is one of the few direct remedies for most of the diseases that afflict modern humanity, such as depression, democracy, telephone, equality, unemployment, and general education. But we shall not help it by indiscriminate praise or apostolic propaganda; the only way to give it its chance is by enjoying it.

Let us not be scared or bluffed by it. It is a very silly idea to believe that it destroys all the past; on the contrary it may be said that every time Picasso paints a really great modern picture, it revives one or many old pictures which would have slept in a museum, and which receive from this new life thrown on the field of painting, a renewed reality, an accrued meaning.

Nothing proves it better than the book of Miss Stein itself. During many years she wrote books of great daring and value that seemed mysterious to a large part of the public; people spoke of her as of a witch. And generally one had the idea that she was the prisoner of this queer technique, that it had destroyed in her all other possibilities. The Autobiography proves, on the contrary, that she was never abler to write a more fresh, pure, and acute English that she is now. It seems as if all her work, all her experiments and trials had stirred up in her a more precise appreciation of all the qualities and of all the possibilities of the English language.

> She says she likes what she has and she likes the adventure of a new thing. That is what she always says about young painters, about anything, once everybody knows they are good the adventure is over.

And adds Picasso with a sigh,

> Even after everybody knows they are good not any more people really like them than they did when only the few knew they were good.

Gertrude Stein has lived all the adventures of modern art as adventures, and she has built a very great work on them, probably a unique work, but also she has been keenly alive through her whole life, and the English language has been the most permanent part of her life. Now in this Autobiography she offers the odyssey of the most intelligent American woman alive at present.

I could add many many things. But they really do not matter very much; only the book matters and the life in the book; there is so much life in it that it is the fullest and gayest book I have read for many years.

It is full and gay and queer and unexpected all along. Miss Stein says herself of herself:

> She always says she dislikes the abnormal, it is so obvious. She says the normal is so much more simply complicated and interesting.

But so few people can be fully normal and boldly normal. So few people can love and laugh, search and choose, look and live.

Miss Stein has done it.

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Bernard Faÿ, who is known to Americans through his biography of Benjamin Franklin, has for many years been an intimate friend of Gertrude Stein and is engaged in the translation of "The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas" into French.

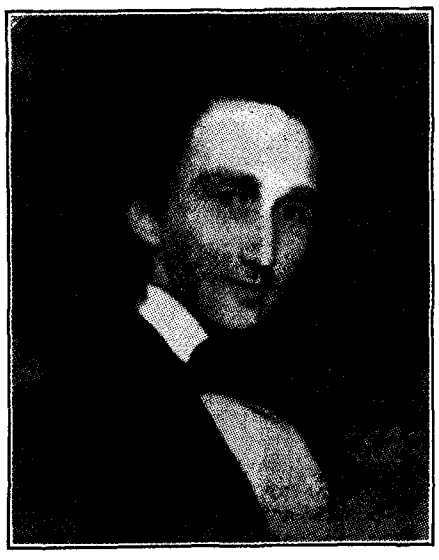
On his return from his world tour Bernard Shaw revealed that he has written a new play. "At least," he said, "I have written enough for six plays."

Both Family and Institution

THE FRANCIS PRESTON BLAIR FAMILY IN POLITICS. By William E. Smith. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1933. 2 vols. $7.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THE Blairs are one of the great families of American political history; perhaps greater than the Bayards or the Harrisons, almost to be mentioned with the Adamses and Roosevelts. But they are a family with a difference. The Adamses, Harrisons, Bayards, and Roosevelts have been content to produce one eminent figure in a generation. The three Blairs, the father and two sons, lived and worked together; at the height of their power and authority, in Civil War days, all three were aggressively active; they were not a line, but a group. Part of the secret of their influence is that they aided each other so effectively. The three together wielded power in Kentucky, Maryland, and Missouri; in party councils, in Cabinet chamber, and on the tented field; among Jacksonian Democrats, free-soil-



MONTGOMERY BLAIR

ers, Republicans, and border Unionists. Men never talked of "the Adamses." At one time they talked of John Adams, at another of J. Q. Adams, and at another of Charles Francis Adams. But for a quarter-century men talked of "the Blairs," meaning a compact fighting clan that successive Administrations found it much more comfortable to have with them than against them.

For other reasons they hold a distinct place in our political chronicles. They were the great Border State family, a family with adherents all the way from the Chesapeake to the Missouri. They represented almost better than any other public figures the peculiar qualities of the Ulster Scotch, who have given America so many leaders. They had the pawky shrewdness, the intuitive comprehension of emotions of the common man, the hard temper, the terrible persistency, of that stock. Above all, they had a singular gift for attaining power by indirect means. They were great not as leaders, but as advisers. The Blairs never initiated important measures in their own names. They almost never sought high offices at the polls. Though they controlled smooth political machines which could have made them governors and senators, their most important positions were appointive. But for a long generation, from 1830 to 1870, they counselled and swayed the various national leaders.

The uneven, chaotic, crowded career of the family was to a great extent polarized about two of the strongest figures in American history, Jackson and Lincoln. From this fact springs its importance. The Blairs made their errors, but they had an instinct for the jugular. They knew great men when they saw them, and they knew great issues. They made themselves count by assisting the two greatest Americans of their time to deal with the issues. Instead of going after the petty glittering prizes that attracted other men, the judgeships, senatorships, and ministerships abroad, they placed themselves quietly at the seat of power. They were endlessly busy about all sorts of questions, with a limitless capacity for intrigue. But they devoted themselves chiefly to the main questions. When the smoke of the Civil War and the fog of Reconstruction blew away, men could see that for forty years the Blairs had stood for preserving the Union at all costs; that they had hated slavery because it threatened the Union; that they believed in a real Union, a Union of hearts and not one pinned together by bayonets; and that in aiding the Democratic Jackson and the Republican Lincoln, in helping found the Republican Party in 1856 and in wishing to tear it down in 1868, in supporting the war and in assailing war hatreds, they were animated by one consistent purpose.

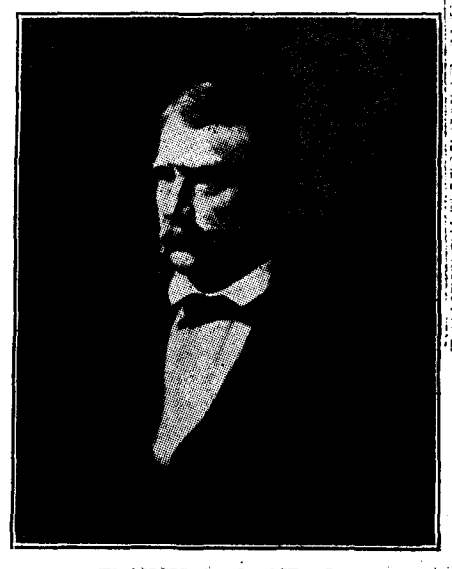
No one can doubt that Francis P. Blair, Sr., was the dominant figure of the trio. He had accomplished an important work in American politics before his sons were born; he survived one, and lived almost as long as the other. Without his advice and influence, the two sons would never have gone so far. He slipped upon the political stage quietly enough, an unimpressive figure with gray parchment skin, gray-blue eyes, and gray garb; a fox who seemed to slink through the first events of his career. As a party journalist feeding on contracts and favors he made money in ways that were none too dignified. To the end of his days he had an eye to the main chance, for his sons as well as himself. One of the reasons why he broke with Frémont in 1861 was that Frémont did not give Frank the place which the old man demanded. But he was a better man than he seemed. He had convictions and stood by them. He might be devious, but he was not a trimmer.

Indeed, through the elder Blair the West and the Border registered the firmest articles of their creed. Reared in Kentucky, he spoke for the West in his fierce nationalism, his fierce democracy, his still fiercer love of the Union. Like other Westerners in 1830, he wanted the general government to dominate the States; to regulate the tariff, and regulate it downward; to put down nullification with an iron hand; and to strike the Eastern money power a staggering blow. Even if he had not had a Kentucky bank of his own that he thought Biddle was trying to ruin, he would have been against the Bank of the United States. Like Benton and Clay and Lincoln, Border men all, he felt a deep

FRANCIS P. BLAIR, SR., AND WIFE

repugnance for slavery. On this, as on everything else, he was never an idealist—he was strictly a realist. He detested the abolitionists as busybody troublemakers. But he saw as early as 1832 how men like Calhoun and McDuffie were using the slavery question for selfish political ends, and how great was the danger that they would terrorize the South into secession. For the Union he had none of Webster's abstract philosophical devotion. It also he viewed realistically; the South and North needed each other, the East and West were mutually indispensable—that was all. He had a simple Western pragmatism about parties. They were good while they were useful. He would have preferred to stay with the Democratic party, and he tried to reform it; but when he failed he unhesitatingly turned to the Republican party. As a Border man, he knew that the Northerner and the Southerner were much the same, that their animosity for each other was simply ignorance and silliness.

Each of his sons seems to have inherited his father's shrewdness, but only half of



FRANCIS P. BLAIR, JR.

his father's character. Montgomery Blair had his suavity, his adroitness, his practical skill; Frank, whose statue Missouri has raised in the national hall of fame in the Capitol, had his aggressiveness and fighting temper. To Montgomery the country owes not a little. He was a cool and moderate adviser to Lincoln. During the Civil War he was against hasty action which might have offended the slave States, against making the Mason and Slidell affair a cause of conflict with England, against setting McClellan aside too brusquely, against harsh terms to the South. But he lacked energy. Frank had an excess of the quality. Quick-tempered, mercurial, hard-hitting, he was always picturesque and always in hot water. His State can never forget the one great service he did it in 1861. While others in St. Louis hesitated, he seized the armory there, transferred its invaluable stores to safe ground in Illinois, and by a quick thrust captured the Secessionist band which had been about to take control of the city. But he left a trail of enemies at every turn. His quarrel with the Frémonts (Jessie being more dangerous than her husband) shook the State and for a time gravely embarrassed Lincoln. In the field he fought gallantly, but he could not resist turning up in Washington, and every time he did so he made new antagonists.

Mr. Smith's two volumes, long in preparation, have been awaited with keen interest. They do not disappoint our expectations. The outlines of the story he has told have long been known. But it was one of the richest and most eventful stories in all American political biography, and in every chapter Mr. Smith is able to add something to our knowledge of political movements, ideas, and motives between 1830 and 1870. Much of the new material is highly illuminating. There are striking pages here on Andrew Jackson's debts—which were never fully paid; on the split in the Democratic party in 1848, when Francis P. Blair, Sr., supported Van Buren against Cass; on the role of the three Blairs (greater than has been supposed) in founding the Republican party; on Francis P. Blair's strange appeal to Seward in 1858 to "democratize" this party; on the interview with Robert E. Lee in 1861 in which he offered Lee the command of the Union army; on the influence which the Blairs had with Lincoln up to 1863; on the peace mission of the elder Blair in 1864; and on his advice in 1865 to Andrew Johnson—he counselled Johnson to reorganize his Cabinet at once after Lincoln's death, and if Johnson had done so the country might have been spared a world of trouble. The book could easily have been improved in style, for its monotonous sentence structure sometimes makes it difficult to read. But it is a treasury of new information, clearly presented, upon the most dramatic period of American political history.

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Whalenizing Leisure

It comes to us with a sickening shock that Grover Whalen, who can be counted upon to organize anything from a welcome for Colonel Lindbergh to a dog fight, has seen fit to appoint a Committee on Leisure to teach beneficiaries of the New Deal how to play. It is not the fact of the Committee, but rather its constituency, that is depressing. It's all so blamed "official." Raymond B. Fosdick heads it, John W. Davis and John H. Finley are members of it. Other names include Morse A. Cartwright of the American Association for Adult Education, John Erskine (will he give away copies of "The Private Life of Helen of Troy"?), Professor Elbert Kirtley Fretwell of Columbia University, Howard Braucher of the American Recreation Association, and Harry Overstreet of City College. Mr. Whalen is all het up about what the poor garment workers, who will only have to work thirty-five hours a week instead of sixty, will do with their spare time. May it be pertinent to suggest that it is none of Mr. Whalen's business?

Leisure is, or should be, whatever the individual cares to make of it. If the poor garment worker wants to go home and sleep for thirty-five hours, that is his own affair. He is not interfering with the progress of the New Deal. If a Committee wants to provide more playgrounds, or build model houses with gardens attached, or insure wages that are adequate to allow for week-end tickets to the Jersey or Long Island beaches, in the hope that the working man will make use of the new facilities, that is one thing. But the creation of the opportunities for loafing and playing ought to be in the hands of definite committees for slum razing, park improvements, the making of swimming pools; and the best insurance for leisure well-spent is a strong labor movement pushing for wage scales that would be high enough to permit of periodical trips to the country in the working man's budget. We just can't see John W. Davis or Raymond B. Fosdick taking much interest in these matters in their capacity as members of a "committee for leisure." We are afraid they will be pushed, by some moral imperative, into dull schemes for "self-improvement" that rightly antagonize those who see hypocrisy in the notion that any one class in society is a fit guardian of the leisure time of other classes.

A better committee, to our mind, would include "Babe" Ruth, the Gilbert Seldes who wrote "The Seven Lively Arts," John McGraw and Connie Mack, the National Association of Ping Pong Table Manufacturers, the Crime Club of Doubleday, Doran, the publishers of the Modern Library, and Ethel Merman. A few Lifeguards might profitably be thrown in. Leisure should imply good healthy vulgarity. But we suppose we must take things as we find them, even when they are "official." If Mr. Whalen's committee really wants to do something for leisure, it might find a way of preventing the pollution of the waters of the nearby beaches; it might provide for free open-air concerts; it might provide better tennis facilities within the confines of the city than are at present available at the north end of Central Park. But to do any of these things will require a realism, a quality of statesmanship, that one does not associate with Mr. Whalen's "official" way of doing things.

As for the publishers of New York City, before the committee becomes mummified with talk and inaction, they should press their opportunity here. Any committee for leisure, whether "official" or not, should be primarily interested in increasing library endowments and library facilities. It is by good reading that the soul of the "loafer" may be invited to something more than occasional dips into drug store fiction. But the increase of the habit of good reading depends on primary and secondary education, something that depends in turn on good (and adequately paid) teaching, not on the appointment of blanket committees of men who are all right in their normal individual capacities, but apt to be stuffed shirts when appointed to anything large, imposing, and "official."

In Advance of Battle

Muckraking, we have been told, is to be the successor of debunking. That is to say, criticism is to turn from an analytical to a militant attitude. It is quite conceivable that the present quiescence of the public under a virtually dictatorial control will find compensation when the need for rigid compliance with authority is over in a violent attack on whatever may have proved untrustworthy in the old régime. So far events have been too rapid for us. Success and disaster were too swift and complete for concerted attack on what elicited them. We were in the midst of travail before we could challenge its causes, and the only hope of being delivered from it was through the helping hand of government. But men have taken bitter thought of conditions past and present during the crisis, and if and when it is over may be expected to emerge all set to charge against the abuses they have discovered.

Already there are signs that the old fetishes are going by the board. Lifelong defenders of principles which have been cardinal to political parties for years are wavering in their certainty; economists are qualifying their adherence to tenets religiously held in the past. What is the man in the street, poor soul, to do when even experts are at sea? If he is wise he will inform himself before the storm breaks on the underlying theses of current social organization. He will then at least have some basis of judgment from which to proceed when the attack begins. But to inform himself he must walk circumspectly, get his information from reliable sources. Being a literary journal, we cannot forbear from quoting, "Reading maketh a full man."

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

GOLD FALCON. *Smith & Haas.*
Adventures of an airman and poet in search of freedom.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ALICE B. TOKLAS. *Harcourt, Brace.*
The autobiography of Gertrude Stein.

FISHES, THEIR JOURNEYS AND MIGRATIONS. By LOUIS ROULE. *Norton.*
The reasons for the migrations of fishes.

This Less Recent Book:

ALL PASSION SPENT. By V. SACKVILLE WEST. *Doubleday, Doran.*
A novel with old age for heroine.

"THE LITTLE DEAR. HE'S GOING TO BE A CRITIC."

To the Editor: *Sumner, Pareto And the Bees*

Sumner's Ghost

Sir: Your editorial on "Art and Politics," and your gentle rubbing of Mr. Krutch's nose against the sidewalk, was accurate and profound. All except the last sentence of same—"Since when have anthropologists necessarily had a fond place in their hearts for pure art? We communed with the ghost of William Graham Sumner last night, and got absolute silence for an answer."

As a matter of strict fact, this office has been in somewhat unsteady communication with William Graham Sumner for the last few months. The medium was none other than A. G. Keller, who has written (and, as you have perhaps gathered by now, we are publishing them) "Reminiscences of William Graham Sumner." Sumner once considered becoming a poet, that's what our book says. We've forgotten what turned him away from it. And further, he read (I wish we had a copy of the book here) *everything*. Shakespeare, Homer, Mark Twain, Mark Hanna, the Poles, the Russians, the Scandinavians, "Lorna Doone"—everything. You'll see when our book comes out, and meanwhile don't commune with him—the book won't be published until September.

JANET L. MARSHALL.

New Haven, Conn.

Pareto and Bassett Jones

Sir: Quotation from Harold Ward's review, in your issue of August 12, of Bassett Jones's "Debt and Production": "nor . . . is there the slightest resemblance between his severely technical treatment of the problems of an industrial society, and the grandiose 'residues' and 'variations' system of Vilfredo Pareto, the 'Karl Marx of Fascism,' whose magnum opus is to appear—in the nick of time?—before the bewildered leaders of American thought."

Pareto does not use the word "variations," nor does that word, in any conceivable sense, translate the word "derivations" in his text, which is the word Mr. Ward is referring to. But in a recent careless, inaccurate, and emotional article on Pareto in *The New Republic*, a writer referred to "variations" during the first part of his discussion, later on substituting the word Pareto used without correcting his early error. The same article also offered the bewildered leaders of American thought, for the first time I believe, a handy and preposterous phrase to hang on Pareto's name, "the Karl Marx of Fascism." Mr. Ward's review preserves these errors and helps to pass them on to a wider public.

I conclude that Mr. Ward's knowledge of Pareto is derived from *The New Republic* article. If it is, just how does he know that Mr. Jones's book bears no resemblance to Pareto's work? How does he know that Pareto's work is "grandiose?" What is the source of his assurance? And, in serious discussions of social matters, isn't it desirable to know what one is talking about?

Since Mr. Ward mentions Planck, I suggest to him that a reading of the "Traité de Sociologie Générale," the work of Pareto's in question, would not be altogether a waste of time, since a great part of it deals with scientific method and its application to such phenomena as Mr. Ward is discussing. If he will then examine Pareto's more specialized work in economics, he will discover that some specific problems his review touches upon are dealt with there—and in a manner which it is somewhat absurd to call grandiose.

BERNARD DE VOTO.

Lincoln, Mass.

Wings of Necromancy

Sir: Here in the more deserted parts of New Hampshire the old people still do things much as their fathers did, under the wings of necromancy; the finding of a well site, or a coon hunt, or the business of discovering the whereabouts of a swarm of bees,—such everyday occurences even now in the age of science have little of the practical about them. The well on our own summer place (called by us "Vanishing Point" because it is so small) was discovered by a temperamental rod of sweet-apple wood in the hands of a native. Whether or not the native was devout or a charlatan does not matter, for the well is the best to be found anywhere. It is ice-cold even on the hottest days, and never runs dry.

Swarming bees are still located in much the same manner; the ceremony is one part superstition and three parts luck. An old man in the general store demonstrated how to fill a match-box half full of powdered sugar. Then he caught a random bee and inserted said bee in the box. Said bee, finding himself surfeited with sugar, flew straight to the honey comb as soon as he was released, and returned direct. Meanwhile the old man had timed him and noted the direction, and the rest was a matter of simple calculation. And so I feel moved to recite:

That is a form of learning I admire;
It is so old, inherited memory
From generation passed to generation
With reverence, as tribal laws are taught.
Such lore of earth is but a fractional wisdom,
And yet I would not lose it could I become
Beyond all men versed in the ways of science.
What trees are growing where, the color of soil,
Or temperature, or foot-prints in the snow
Will tell me more than I could ever gather
From pedagogues who call themselves professors
And are continually reaching into air
For an idea that is a pure abstraction,
To spin it out like hollow pillars that march
On China seas, with foam for superstructure.

KIMBALL FLACCUS.

Tamworth, N. H.

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Unhooded Falcon

THE GOLD FALCON or THE HAGGARD OF LOVE. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

FAIRLY recently, in *The Phoenix Nest* in this periodical, we presided over a discussion of the English edition of "The Gold Falcon" as a *roman à clef* and also in an endeavor to pierce the anonymity of the author. Mr. Earle Walbridge was perfectly sure that the author was Robert Graves, although the evidence accumulated overwhelmingly in favor of Henry Williamson. The back files of *The Saturday Review of Literature* have now supplied us with final identification we regard as incontrovertible, quite aside from the fact that the speech Manfred makes for Mrs. Dawlish Kent on Hamlet and Modern Life was identified for us as a speech Henry Williamson actually made at Dartmouth College when on his late visit to the United States.

In the *Saturday Review of Literature* for December 6, 1930, Henry Williamson reviewed Arnold Bennett's "Imperial Palace." In the course of the review he remarked

> I read it myself in a fortnight of evenings, or rather night-mornings, and was able to transport myself from the shake and shudder of the everlasting heavy traffic rolling along Seventh Avenue through Greenwich Village, etc., etc.

In the second section of "The Gold Falcon," entitled "Greenwich Village Eyrie," the author stresses again and again the impact of the traffic noises shaking his Seventh Avenue apartment in the Village. But even more convincing than this is the fact that several times in "The Gold Falcon" the author quotes his favorite lines from Swinburne, and misquotes them as follows:

> "This thing is God: to be man with thy might
> To be strong in the strength of thy spirit and live out thy life in the light."

Both in the original Chatto & Windus edition of Swinburne's works and in "The Oxford Book of English Verse," edited by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, these lines from "Hertha" are printed as follows:

> But this thing is God,
> To be man with thy might,
>
> To grow straight in the strength of thy spirit, and live out thy life as the light.

In the *Saturday Review* article Williamson again introduces his favorite quotation, this time making it "to be man *in* thy might,

> To *go* straight in the strength of thy spirit and live
> Out thy life in the light.

In each instance Williamson turns "as the light" into "in the light," quite aside from his other variations of the original lines. There we rest our case.

Now as to the story: in the first place we found it intensely readable; obviously it was the work of a practiced hand; at the end, in the description of Manfred's attempted flight home across the Atlantic to his dying wife, we entered one of the most breathless and thrilling accounts of flying in modern fiction. Of the mystical end of the book we remain not quite so sure. In that culminating scene the author attempted the wellnigh impossible, and, to our mind at least, did not quite bring it off, though the attempt was gallant and moving.

What shall be said for the hero of this story? In the first place it is the story of a poet, and no one can deny that in his prose Henry Williamson, whom we may now confidently consider the author of the book, truly merits the title of poet. The book is obviously an account, changed and transformed in details for the purposes of fiction, of the quest of his own spirit. We do not mean in the least that the story is a verbatim account of his own experiences. For certain material in it he indubitably drew upon certain impressions of the American scene, imaginatively remoulding incidental matter to make the design of his romance. That is what every novelist does. Those who seek autobiographical data in novels will always find themselves hopelessly entangled in the novelist's mixture of the purely imaginative with the actual.

Manfred is a product of the late World War, of—to borrow the title of one of Williamson's other books—"The Wet Flanders Plain." He was an airman in the war, and, after the war, has settled down in the country in England as husband and father, in the profession of letters. He migrates to America at the invitation of his American publisher. In America, still in quest of a "personal sunrise," he encounters romance. He has left wife and child at home in England, and his new and genuine falling-in-love raises a complexity of problems. Williamson's study of the poetic nature under these circumstances, that nature that is always, like the "haggard or refractory hawk" "wild or intractable," is of more than ordinary interest. But the author brings out another element complicating the poetic temperament—a disorganization of Manfred's nature due to the effects of the war, a dislocation of objective. Life has lapsed into dark bitterness in England. The land is full of ghosts. The bright, almost brassy sunlight of New York in the new world, the hard, clear outlines of things, the impact of spirited youth seizing for gaiety upon the new night-life nurtured by the Amendment of Mr. Volstead, the suddenly accelerated tempo of existence, and, on the other hand, the desert loneliness of that vast gridiron of streets (and never has the grim loneliness of New York to the recluse writer been better described than in this novel!) all but serve further to derange a sensitive and somewhat goblin temperament dashed against them. Out of these surroundings shines suddenly a beautiful and selfless love on the part of a young girl. All the strange, dire, beautiful, and childish nexus of emotions that make the temperament of the poet in Manfred respond to this. More than ordinarily eccentric to the orbit of normal life (if any life is normal!) he begins to involve himself in a way that is bound to bring unhappiness to others as well as to himself. The story moves swiftly, vividly, along the rapid course of his essential life while, as a temporary inhabitant of the metropolis, he is working on a new book for his publisher. For the purposes of fiction the inevitable stroke falls. He is suddenly recalled to England by a cable saying that, in bearing her latest child, his wife's life has been put in danger. He decides, on the spur of the moment, to buy his friend's airplane and risk the flight to England.

A Puckish humor, the humor of a poet, glints intermittently through the account of Manfred's joys and sorrows. Self-pity is sometimes too evident. Your true poet is usually of irritable temper and an inevitable irritation seizes the reader with respect to some of Manfred's "goings on." His falcon, the symbol of his soul, is of erratic flight. But there are beautiful, as there are grim, passages in the book that impress indelibly. The characterizations of contemporaries are often trenchantly satirical. The poet's examination of himself is ruthless, though there is very little he seems to be able to do about it.

Not a great book, this is a novel with remarkably good writing in it. The New York background and atmosphere are extraordinarily well caught (even to the sinister description of the "gyp joint" in the Village—the hero being, apparently, one of the few to escape from such purlieus without being forced to sign cheques for fabulous amounts!) And the flight-descriptions are some of the best this reviewer has ever read. They make one thoroughly believe in the poet's falcon.

W. R. BURNETT

Black Greyhound

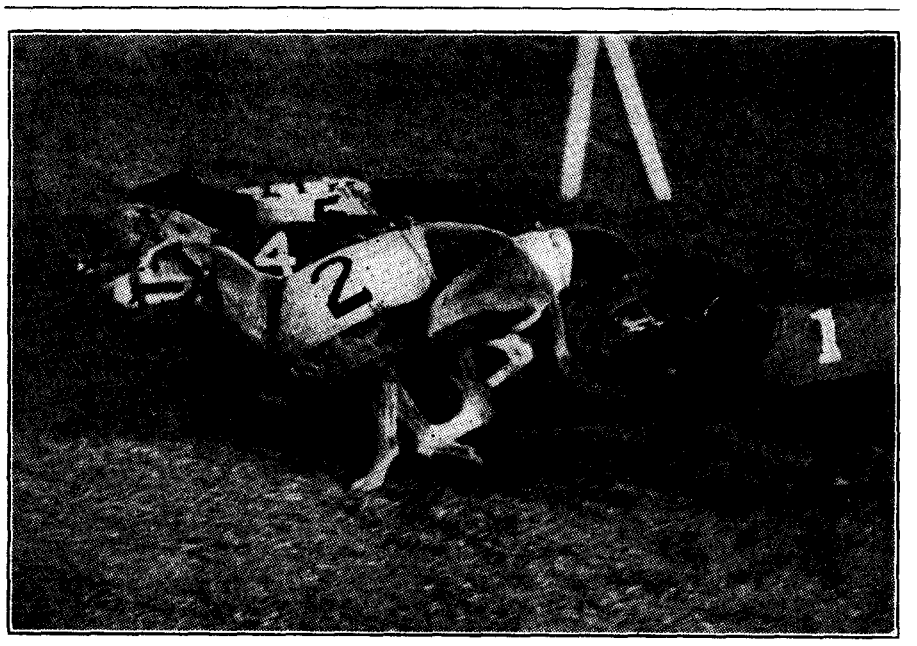
(*Continued from first page*)

Jim immediately that, after several years of his absence with no letter from him, she had about made up her mind to get a divorce and marry her earlier admirer, Preston Barrow. But Jim gets a job now, and stays on. Marg has her own shop. She says she will not get a divorce.

However, the monotony of conventional existence, with everything subtly changed between him and Marg, cannot long satisfy Jim. A dog track is opened over at Bellport nearby, and Jim drifts over there. He finds "Dark Hazard," no good on the flats any more, running in hurdle races. Knocked out by a collision with a hurdle, the present owner is just about to give "Dark Hazard" the gas when Jim buys the dog for twenty-five dollars. He takes him home. He gives all his attention to getting him well. He races him privately against the greyhounds of some friendly Germans. "Dark Hazard" makes them look silly. The Germans try to persuade Jim to come in with them and race his dog with theirs at the new Andrewsville track which is just going to open across the state line. "Can't do it," says Jim. "I got a family to worry about."

But when he gets home with "Dark Hazard," he finds his wife and Preston Barrow together, and things come to a real show-down. Marg tells Jim to go. "I'm not going to live this way any longer and be laughed at by everybody in town. You don't care anything about any of us, anyway. All you care about is that dog."

Jim's affection for "Dark Hazard," tersely expressed, becomes a genuine ruling passion to the reader. The story is well "cut," the characters are fairly presented, the glamour of the tracks is conveyed, and of the gambling tables. Of no tremendous significance, this is yet a well-written and moving chronicle.



DOG-RACING AT CHELMSFORD (*From "Modern Photography," Studio Publications*)

Bound to the Machine

ORIGINAL DESIGN. By Eardley Beswick. New York: Minton, Balch & Company. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

OF all the novels of modern industry that this reviewer has seen, "Original Design" is by far the best. Mr. Beswick may never write another as good; this is his first book and an occasional use of extraordinary words where a plain English synonym would serve better suggests that he is a technician simply setting down what he knows at first hand. But he has done considerably more than merely report faithfully the processes and problems of a great industrial plant; Perrimans Ltd., a machine manufacturing plant in the English Midlands, is his protagonist, but the history of Perrimans is set forth as it affects some twenty or thirty persons employed there, and these people are almost all alive and real.

Chief of the characters are Reggie Pernett, draftsman who invented the original design of the title—a design for presses for a new process, which saved Perrimans from receivership; and Henty Perriman, the managing director who stole the credit and the profits. Pernett, type of the dispassionately scientific inventor, wanted more than anything else to create something and see his creation at work; he tried to get the glory and the royalties, but his innocence and his poverty combined to thwart him. (He gets the girl, however, which helps; and a smart girl who can be depended on to see that he is not cheated again.) In Henty Perriman, however, Mr. Beswick has done his best character of all—a figure reminiscent of Cyril Burnage in Montague's "Right Off the Map." Henty, inheriting the family business founded by an iron-jawed ancestor, without the iron-jawed one's aptitudes, always meant well; but never did well for anybody else if it entailed the slightest cost or inconvenience to himself. Nevertheless he always managed to salvage his self-respect; and Mr. Beswick's handling of Henty's mental processes, unless inspired by some violent and never-to-be-repeated personal antipathy, is enough to prove his capacity as a novelist of very respectable rank.

But, as it should always be in a good novel, the whole is greater than the sum of its parts; the real excellence of the story is its picture of an industry; the type of all Industry, in prosperity and depression. Evidently modern American technique has made a good deal of headway in British factories, and Mr. Beswick does not seem to think much of it. "What we want," observes one of his characters, "is to go back to the time when men were sufficiently well intentioned and had sufficient horse sense to get along without being ruled and regulated all day by dirty little scraps of printed paper." Yet, observes another character later, if you knock out all this nonsense and eliminate useless overhead, you merely send a horde of clerks to live on the dole.

The Technocrats can find a good deal of nourishment in this book; and if the Marxians only knew it, its dispassionate picture of the five greedy and stupid men who dispose of the capital of Perrimans' stockholders and the lives of its employees is far more effective collectivist propaganda than conscientiously "proletarian" fiction. Mr. Beswick, apparently, has no panaceas; his only hope is in "a society immunized against this cumulative environmental hardening of hearts." That aspiration is several thousand years old, and we are not very much nearer its realization than in the days of Jesus or Deutero-Isaiah. But the fact that the author has no axe to grind makes his grimly disinterested picture of things as they are all the more effective.

The tercentenary of the death of George Herbert was recently commemorated in his native town of Montgomery. Herbert's father was constable of the historic castle of Montgomery—now a pile of ruins, and the poet's parents are buried in the portion of Montgomery Church known as the Lymore Chapel, which is still the property of the Herbert family.

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End and Beginning

THE KAISER GOES, THE GENERALS REMAIN. By Theodore Plivier. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

THE period covered in Plivier's "novel" is the autumn of 1918; the weeks immediately preceding the armistice, during which the German will to continue the war was breaking, the sailors of the High Seas Fleet mutinied at Kiel and refused to go to sea, the tide of revolt spread to Berlin and the provinces, the Kaiser abdicated, and Friedrich Ebert, leader of the Social Democrats, became Chancellor. It is not a historical novel in the usual sense that it follows the adventures of some hero or heroine and his or her immediate associates against a more or less accurate historical background, nor is it history in the sense of assembling dispassionately certain of the objective facts of a given period. It is a combination of the two techniques, a sort of living-picture of the whole period, in which the author endeavors to give us the mood, "feel," emotional content both of significant events and groups and of the individuals who directed them, without departing from the "record." In so far as exact material was available, he says, "I have used it as the basis of my work. All the events described, all the persons introduced, are drawn to the life and their words reproduced verbatim. Occasional statements which the sources preserve only in indirect speech are here given the direct form. But in no instance has the sense been altered."

This statement must, of course, be taken with a certain grain of salt. It doesn't apply literally, one assumes, to all the proletarian figures—the sailors and stokers, through whose dialogue we largely get the atmosphere and mood of the mutiny at Kiel; the tenement-house dwellers, like poor Trude Müller (whose undernourished child was finally taken off to be buried under a mere number in the Potter's Field) through whom we see what the war really meant to a large mass of the German civilian population. And admirably restrained and objective as the author is throughout, he nevertheless, like any other man, has his personal point of view. The note of almost lyric enthusiasm which sounds in the description of the rising and marching of Berlin's masses would seem to place him, politically, pretty far to the Left. The final glimpse of Ebert, listening anxiously for sounds from the street "where he fancies he already hears the enraged shouts of the workers," as he talks over the long-distance wire with Quartermaster-General Groener at the front and accepts the help of the officers' corps in the fight against Bolshevism—the intimation that Ebert was guilty of something in the nature of treason to the hopeful masses, may have much to justify it, but it is at least controversial.

Granting such occasional subjective tints, Plivier's panorama remains, nevertheless, remarkably objective. The words put into the mouths of the "known" figures are, no doubt, as the author asserts, reproduced verbatim. He does contrive to follow the record and yet to write with a novelist's pity and human understanding. His work escapes in surprising fashion the usual faults of literary hybrids, and it will give the ordinary reader a picture of a momentous period hard to come by anywhere else.

Earnest of More

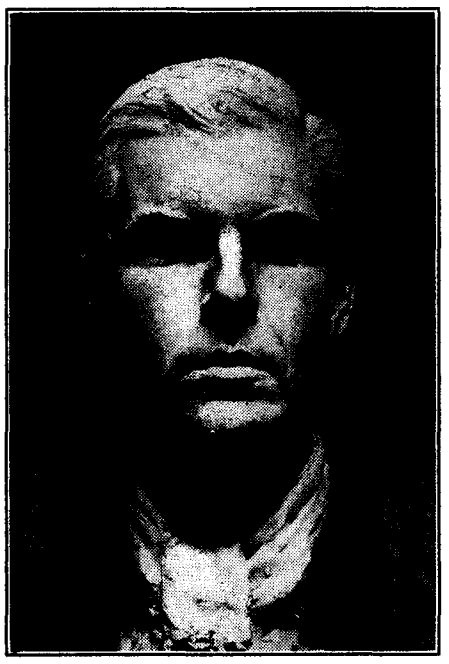
ANDREW'S HARVEST. By John Evans. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by CLINTON SIMPSON

THIS novel by the son of Mabel Dodge Luhan bears on its jacket the commendation of Mary Austin and Robinson Jeffers. Jeffers calls it an "excitingly good first novel," and Mrs. Austin writes, "I felt more interested in 'Andrew's Harvest' than any first novel that I have seen for a long time." This reviewer does not altogether share these authors' enthusiasm. "Andrew's Harvest" is an interesting piece of work, because it is sincere and shows the author's gifts as a writer of fiction; but I think we should be doing him no service to hail it as a finished achievement.

The book is essentially a romance, a story of the love of a western ranch "hand" and a girl of the town—a waitress in a restaurant. Andrew's wife dies in childbirth, and he takes Julie back to the ranch with him as a wet-nurse for the babe. They shortly become lovers. The rest of the book is a recital of their complex and subtle emotional relations, with Andrew's building up of the ranch occupying a place of secondary interest.

Before his wife's death, Andrew had planned the future of the ranch—how he would stock it with cattle, repair the fences and buildings, and generally extend his domain and his power with the growth of their child. Now he takes up the threads again with the help of Julie. But the memory of his dead wife and the disapproval



JOHN EVANS
From a bust by Jo Davidson

of the doctor and the community—felt though never overtly expressed—makes the lovers' relations rather difficult. In the working out of the emotional conflicts of this situation, Evans is at his best—indeed, here he shows the brilliance of his gifts, for his intuitions are every whit as keen as those of D. H. Lawrence.

But when we remember that the novel attempts to make articulate the experience of two most inarticulate characters, and that the author has audaciously chosen to tell his story through the character of Andrew *in the first person*, we begin to understand some of the almost insuperable difficulties he works under. The opening chapters are awkward and the story slow in getting under way. Also, it is rather disconcerting to find a character who speaks in terms such as, "Aw, lay off me, Julie, I says, beginning to boil inside. . . . Sure I said I'd knock his head off! I said I'd knock his head off if he made a *crack* about it. . . ," thinking to himself a little later, "She would say that, she would say that, just what I would like to have said, just what I'd felt like saying, if I could have let myself. And now what right had she to say it, what right had she, of all people?" Is not that confusing the character's thoughts and the author's own interpretations?

Andrew, the central character, is made very much alive, and his twists and quirks of character are, as Robinson Jeffers remarks, generically western—and genuinely amusing. The western vernacular is well caught—often suggested rather than imitated. Andrew is quite an uninhibited being, as Evans presents him, and the story has few reticences in its scenes of passion.

A violent episode near the end of the book seems to me not only unnecessary, but a bit strained. It is a little too much like Hollywood's conception of a proper "climax." The author warns us in his first chapter that a dire fate is in store for one of his characters. But when it comes, we feel that the author, like many another young writer before him, is just determined to have his tragedy, whatever happens.

As we have said, the psychological truth of the romance is remarkable. Equally remarkable, perhaps, is the picture of nature and life on the mountain farm. Evans recreates the country in which he writes. On the whole, he shows exceptional talents for fiction writing. It is by no means so certain, however, that after he has written a few more books he will feel proud of having published this one.

A Tiger Hunt

(*Continued from first page*)

under this time the consequences to it will be more serious than its four years' loss of power then, and a similarly long absence from the trough can be made fatal to it if its assailants use their opportunity wisely.

The difference between the revolt this year and those in former times is that, as Mr. Finegan says, "Heretofore Tammany's weaknesses have been exposed by cloudbursts. Some great scandal opened voters' eyes or aroused voters' disgust and fear. . . . In 1933 Tammany weaknesses have been exposed by the irrigation method, little by little, over many years. No single astounding scandal is responsible for Tammany's disesteem in 1933." The cumulative, even the daily, revelations have been constantly showing the infinite variety of Tammany's reach into every department of human life in the five counties which make up New York City. From the millionaire franchise seeker to the peddler and even to the man out of a job, Tammany has adapted its prehensile fingers to the character of operation needful to pluck thousands of dollars from the one and pennies from the other.

Mr. Finegan, however, has not written a denunciation of Tammany, he has assembled, in a staccato sort of way, hundreds of facts showing, each one, a different corner into which the tiger's paw reaches. The book is no appraisal of Tammany in the abstract; it is concretely for use in this particular election. There is in it no exaggeration, no rhetoric; it is a volley of facts aimed at an almost incredible number of bullseyes. To those who do not know Mr. Finegan's qualifications for such a task it should be explained that for several years he has been one of the leading figures in that gradual but persistent showing-up of Tammany "by the irrigation method, little by little." This experience has qualified him beyond most men to know whereof he speaks, to attack nothing that is not vulnerable, and to aim each of his short and factual paragraphs at a vital spot. Any one desiring to know exactly what Tammany is not, as well as what it is, can depend upon his arsenal.

* *

Charles Willis Thompson, formerly a political correspondent of the New York World *and the* New York Times, *is the author of "Presidents I've Known" and "The Fiery Epoch."*

The Woman of It

AMERICA THROUGH WOMEN'S EYES. Edited by Mary R. Beard. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1933. $3.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

AMERICA, which today has a woman in the cabinet and another as ambassador to Denmark, whose schools have been reproached with feminization and whose literature and art are supposedly predominantly patronized by women, has never lacked for their participation in general affairs. From earliest days they played a sturdy and sometimes heroic part in the life of the nation. There was, for instance, the dauntless Hannah Dustin who, in 1697, with another woman and a boy, killed ten Indians at midnight, and suddenly bethinking herself as she journeyed home that without proper evidence her tale would not be believed, turned around, after she had already gone part of the way back to Haverhill, scalped her victims, and started off again with her gory trophies as proof of her deed. There was the enterprising Margaret De Vries, who after the death of her husband established what was probably the first packet line between Europe and America sailed repeatedly as supercargo on her own ships, married Frederick Philipse whom she met on one of them, and uniting his industry to her own, built up the largest fortune in New Amsterdam. There was Elizabeth Digges, who owned the greatest number of negro slaves possessed by any one person in seventeenth century Virginia, and Eliza Lucas Pinckney, who displayed as keen an interest and nice a judgment in the development of her South Carolina plantations as her absent father could have shown.

There was Abigail Adams, wife of John Adams, who sent him informed and sensible letters upon public affairs, and Julia Gardiner Tyler, wife of President Tyler, who wrote so spirited and scathing a reply to the ladies of England when they had addressed remonstrances to members of their sex in America on the subject of slavery. There was the long line of courageous women who left the comforts of the Atlantic seaboard, and later of the Middle West, and endured hardship and danger as they flung the nation ever further and further toward the Pacific coast. There were those later crusaders, pioneers in another sense, the Anna Howard Shaws, Lucy Stones, Clara Bartons, and Susan B. Anthonys who bored a way for women into political and economic life. On its every side, indeed, feminine influence has vividly and constantly played upon American life.

Mrs. Beard's anthology, for such this volume actually is, is an attempt to present America as its women saw it, and its women as their own writings display them. The book contains a vast amount of fascinating material, documents vividly setting forth the life of the nation in its more intimate phases, reflecting social conditions and public affairs in their less political aspects, and making evident how much of labor, judgment, and insight women inconspicuously lent to the making of the United States. But despite its undeniably enthralling matter the work is disappointing. Its excerpts are too often from second-hand sources instead of from original documents, and its point of view shifts from women to events and from events back to women with a frequency as disconcerting as its chronological arrangement is confusing. The attempt to segregate women as a separate factor of national history instead of regarding them in their interplay with all other elements of the body politic seems questionable at best. But granting the desirability of Mrs. Beard's project of showing "the special phases of women's role in social development," even then her volume misses fire. Woman and woman's activity in America play only their obvious part. The individual woman appears as resourceful, energetic, capable, daring whatever the case may be. Women are shown as the conservers of culture, as the supporters of prohibition, the champions of the rights of their sex. But of woman's role as a whole, of her more intangible influence, the psychological and social impact of her activities on American society— nothing emerges from the mass of documents in Mrs. Beard's collection.

The London *Times Literary Supplement*, in an article on John Richard Green, the fiftieth anniversary of whose death recently occurred, says: "The place of John Richard Green in English history and literature depends upon one book. It is as the author of the 'Short History of the English People' that he impressed his personality upon his contemporaries, and it is through that book that he has exercised his immense posthumous influence. . . . The triumphant career of the 'Short History' has never been checked. Its instantaneous success was comparable among historical books only to the work of Macaulay. Within a year 32,000 copies of the work had been sold; and by 1900 it had been translated into French, German, Italian, Russian, Japanese, and Chinese. Today it is still the most widely read single-volume history of England. Green's quite special place among the historians of England does not depend upon reviews or upon antiquated works of research. It is due to a single masterpiece. . .

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The Bowling Green

Michigan Passes Connecticut

THE inquiry from J. A. R. (Owosso, Mich.) as to the present ranking of the First Ten States in *Saturday Review* subscriptions seems well justified. The business office gives me the following list: New York, California, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Illinois, Ohio, New Jersey . . . the first seven stand exactly as they did five years ago. *But* in the next three there's a shift. They now rank thus: Michigan, Connecticut, Wisconsin. In other words, Michigan has beaten out Connecticut for the place; and Wisconsin takes the place of Texas as number 10. *Laus Wolverino!*

Laying a Gas-Pipe Down

Alice G. Chandler (Lancaster, Mass.) reports that the poem about Laying a Gas-Pipe Down (Bowling Green, August 19) dates at least as far back as 1863—it was quoted in Quackenbos's *Composition and Rhetoric* of that date, as an example of "wit." But even then no author's name was given. D. L. S. (Cleveland, O.) writes me that it was by Tom Hood.

The Mysteries of Wine

Several new books are announced which have the intention of teaching the suffering American public, and especially its post-Volstead generation, something of the arts and mysteries of choosing and drinking wine. They will be welcome, though there are already available many delightful classics on the subject. That they are necessary is shown by a note from a distinguished publisher who tells this pleasant episode of his recent visit in London:

SIR: Needing some wine for dinner I walked jauntily into Berry Brothers' famous shop and asked for a very good Burgundy. The ancient wine merchants wondered a bit at the hearty foreigner but produced a list. I selected a wine and upon saying, "I'll have a couple of bottles" the gentlemen around me (there was quite a group by this time) were unable to suppress their astonishment. After a long, long pause I asked, "Well, won't you wrap them up?"

Then even British reserve broke down. I had mortally offended them. Will I ever again dare to walk into Berry Brothers?

Now I know what I should have learned in my school days around the playing fields. Burgundy of the quality I had ordered is "undrinkable" unless it is "laid down" for several months after it is moved from the shop. Even decanting will do no good unless this precaution is observed.

CASS CANFIELD.

If Mr. Canfield had been as careful a reader of the Bowling Green as a deipnosophist should be, he would have noticed our occasional mention of such books as the following—which were written *con amore* and as the ferment of long, joyful experience, and will give any aspirant the knowledge and backtaste he desires:—

Saintsbury: *Notes on a Cellar Book.*

H. Warner Allen: *The Wines of France, The Romance of Wine, Gentlemen, I Give You—Wine* (one of the *Criterion* pamphlets; London: Faber & Faber).

P. Morton Shand: *A Book of French Wines, The Wines of Germany (et al.).*

E. I. Robson: *A Wayfarer in French Vineyards.*

André L. Simon: *The Blood of the Grape, Bottlescrew Days.*

The student of these matters will not neglect two books by one of the Berry Brothers themselves—*Viniana* and *A Miscellany of Wine,* by Walter Berry. Nor can I omit to mention a delicious little book which I found in a bookshop in Dijon in 1926—*Nouveau Manuel de l'Amateur de Bourgogne,* by Maurice des Ombiaux. I always had a hankering to do a translation of it myself. I illustrate this happily endless theme by reprinting here the bookplate of Mr. Francis Berry, connoisseur of art as of vintages.

Opera at Central City

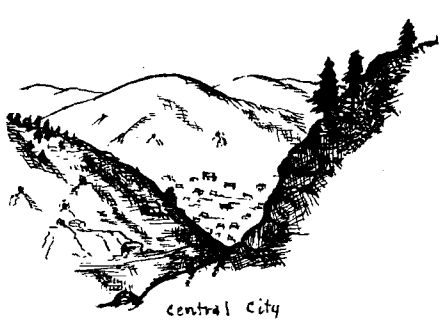
SIR:—I have just returned from Central City (Colorado). I have jotted down several memory sketches of the place. I believe I have, tucked in some journal, my notes on my first Hoboken evening, with the beer-gardens, *After Dark,* the curtain speech, and the joys of that beaching on the "Last Seacoast of Bohemia." At last I have experienced a sequel.

From Englewood, up through Morrison, we drove through a winding canyon which combined the beauties of strange rock formations and the ravages of the recent Denver flood. Whole hillsides were covered with wild poppies, sunflowers, Indian paint-brush, and a purple flower I couldn't recognize. At Morrison, we turned up an even steeper road which brought us at last to Bergen Park. There we left the paved road and followed a wild little stream into Idaho Springs.

A Dutch Lunch with beer at the Placer Hotel refreshed us. Outside the window we could look at an old stage-coach of the sixties, relic of the gold days, when the town was filled with unkempt prospectors, and not tourists and drinkers of the springs.

It was only nine miles to Central City, but that took a good half hour, for we wound about hairpin curves, and climbed up and up. Finally we spied, in its canyons, Central City. Once considered for the capital of the state, now almost a ghost town, Central City clings to its hillsides with chamois-like agility. Everywhere are remnants of old prospect holes and mines, giving the impression that man literally clawed at the dirt in his wild search for gold.

Most of the houses are flamboyant, ginger-bred, frame houses of the eighties and nineties. There are a few imposing buildings—the Teller House (which housed President Grant, Edwin Booth, etc.), the court-house, the church, and the old Opera House. By far the loveliest, in strength and simplicity, is the Opera House.



We were staying in a remodeled house, bought by friends for just such an occasion. It was on Casey Street, *the* residential street of the town. It looked over the lower reaches of the town, smiled upon the recent monument to the first Masonic Hall in the state, and was furnished in splendid taste. It was bought for its marquee floors and marble mantel, for the enormous sum of $75.

The Teller House served a splendid dinner on long tables, with waitresses dressed in costume of the nineties. Its parlors contained gold furniture, once owned by H. A. W. Tabor.

You have doubtless read much about the Opera House and the performance. I fell madly in love with Gladys Swarthout, and remained entranced even when seeing her close-up in the bar of the Teller House after the performance. Bonelli's voice was glorious, more than making up for his stiffness when he danced.

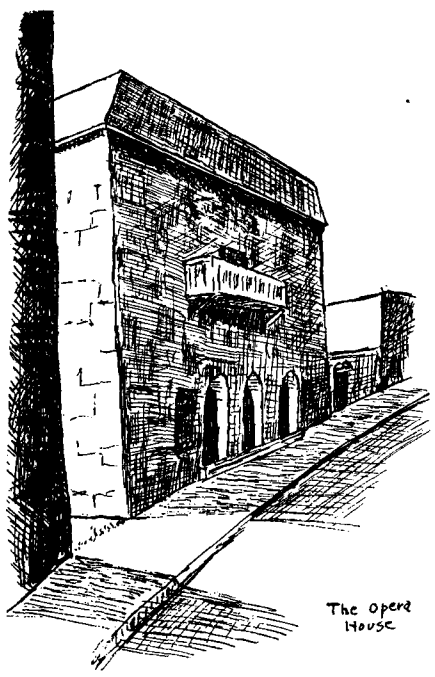
Bartlett Robinson, who had a minor part and danced with extreme grace in the opening scene of Act II, is the handsome son of Boardman Robinson, the painter. His looks, poise, and voice give him promise of a future as brilliant as his great father.

Mrs. Delos Chappelle, wife of one of the patrons of the whole Central City movement, was both beautiful and able in the role of Olga. She played under her maiden name of Edna James, and few realized her identity.

Of course Robert Edmond Jones staged and costumed the performance beautifully. He, as guiding spirit, has made the whole affair the great thing it has become.

Between acts, we were summoned back to the show from our refuge at the beer halls and bars by the ringing of a cowbell in the streets. The clear Colorado night air was filled with laughter, excitement, and romance.

After innumerable curtain calls, we released the cast and poured onto the streets, to wander into the bars, to gamble at the tables in the open gambling halls (directed by a St. Louis gambler who has already built about him the essences of a sensation due to his activities about the state). It was a pleasure to know that he would probably give a percentage of his "earnings" to the university (Denver University, owner of the Opera House) because is was "worthy."



Dancing, music, sawdust-floored bars, gambling halls, all completed the picture of the old Central City. Members of the cast, in comfortable sport clothes, even dungaree slacks, wandered into the Teller House bar where we sipped our beer. They were gay and sunburned (a fact which even make-up couldn't hide, which made a 1905 Merry Widow rather ruddy on the stage).

Central City is an institution. I adored it, and wish I could afford to join the ever growing throng who are buying houses there, to remodel and visit during the summer. There is something engagingly frank, wholesome, completely American to it all. Come out next year and see it. It gives much food for thought.

HOLT MCALONEY.

Colorado Springs.

Japanese Drinking Song

SIR:—I have never heard the "drinking-catch duet" sung at Japanese tea-houses, but years ago—35 or so—there was a musical comedy, "The Geisha" or "The Geisha Girl," in which occurred a song remembered as:

I'm the sweetest little geisha in Japan,
And the people call me Roli-Poli-San;
Lost in admiration utter
At the variegated flutter
Of my cleverly manipulated fan.

I can dance to any music that is gay,
To and fro in graceful fashion I can stray,
Then if still my art entices
Why, for special extra prices
I can dance for you in quite another way.

And then—

Shon keena, shon keena, shon, shon, keena, keena,
Nagasaki, Yokahama, Hakodate, hoi!

That does not help you to the meaning of the words you heard, but it does suggest that they have been used in the same connection for a good many years.

Were they used in "The Geisha," I wonder, to add a bit of reality to the scene?

That hand matching was common in Memorial Hall at Harvard (a dining-hall) twenty-five years ago. With your opponent bringing his closed fist down, and then "Three" when each showed stone, scissors, or paper.

R. W. S.

On the Philadelphia Express

SIR:—Plagiarisms fostered while reading your essay on "The Reading" (Railroad) when I, too, rode the "plush" instead of the "rods."

1.

As the Philadelphia Express rattled by
Forests, lakes, and meadows
All at once,
I looked up from my novel
And said,
"That's the way I'm reading this book."

2.

Crying babies,
Especially in day-coaches,
Always used to annoy me.
Until I thought of my own
Brain children
And rejection slips.

3.

The Dominie in front of me
On the Phiadelphia Express one Sunday A.M.
Looked up from a tome entitled,
"The Quick and the Dead"
Just in time to see
Some boys playing baseball in a lot
Next to a cemetery.
He smiled, and closed his book,
And his eyes.

JEFF MILLER.

I wondered idly, the Night of the Big Wind (August 23—which will long be memorable in these parts; so genuine a hurricane not having been felt for many years) what various clients of the Bowling Green might be doing. Myself, between occasional sallies to look rather anxiously at a big oak-limb that seemed likely to come down across a Long Island driveway, I was rummaging a batch of old newspaper columns dating from 1918 and 1919. Rereading one's own forgotten labors is good discipline occasionally. And I found a small piece, written early in 1919, dealing with the problem of Money, which seems to me as valid now as then. I commend it to economists, whose notions of legal tender often seem to me much too abstruse:—

We were curious to see just what ideas our twenty-eight-month-old Urchin has about money.

We showed him some pennies and asked him what they were.

"That's money for the organ man," he said.

We showed him a nickel.

"That's big money," he said, and then added, "That's Hessie's money," Hessie being the delightful person who honors our kitchen.

Then we showed him a $1 bill. There was no doubt at all in his mind as to where that belonged.

"Mother's dollar," he said.

The University of Chicago Press announces for this month an interesting work of anthropology by Leslie Spier of Yale. It is *Yuman Tribes of the Gila River*—"the life and culture of the wholly unknown Yuman-speaking tribes of southern Arizona." I can't help wishing Mr. Spier had called his book *Yuman Being.*

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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The New Books

Fiction

THE PARADINE CASE. By Robert Hichens. Doubleday, Doran. 1933. $2.50.

Men and women under the spell of one another have always been the impelling interest in the novels of Robert Hichens. In "The Garden of Allah" (how long ago!) the Eastern saying, "The fate of every man we have hung round his neck like a millstone," kept recurring like a minor phrase in music; the fate that Robert Hichens hangs heavily round the neck of every man is a woman, and the fate of each woman is a man. Love, in the Hichens novels, is never a happy coming together; it is a sinister force for the most part that drags its chosen imperatively, reluctantly, from their own preferred ways.

The "Paradine Case" is a very typical Hichens novel, long and detailed, and full of page after page of conversation. Nothing is taken for granted, and nothing is left to the reader's imagination. The story concerns the infatuation that grows up in the heart of an English lawyer for his client who is accused of murder. The situation is made interesting by the character of the man and his type of life. He is middle aged, has been married very happily for ten years, and is not a man ever to venture outside the conventions. The study of his succumbing to the fascination of the woman who reminds him faintly of his wife and who has absolutely no interest in him is complicated enough to hold the attention through the long telling of the intricately woven plot of personal interrelations. It is a well-made story in the sense that one speaks of a well-made play. No one would ever mistake its complications and outcome for reality, but within its own confines it plays the game strictly according to rules. It builds up slowly and carefully to its dramatic closing. Part of the ending, the inevitable tragedy, is sensed from the beginning and gives tenseness to the telling, but another part will come as a surprise.

Mr. Hichens has made up his characters as he has made up his plot, and he has done both jobs so carefully and so completely that one can say of "The Paradine Case," here is a well made Well-made Novel.

MARRIAGE IN GOTHAM. By Ishbel Ross. Harpers. 1933. $2.

The principal business of Miss Ross's very competent novel of New York life is undoubtedly to give a full length portrait of the heroine, Henrietta Tulloch. Approaching middle age, still beautiful and charming, the wife of a successful architect, her life save for an interest in her two children is somewhat barren and shallow. A chance flirtation, begun carelessly enough, with the young man her son brings home from college, sweeps all this well-established life away, leaving her with nothing but the rapidly lessening affection for which she has sacrificed so many years of happiness. Miss Ross does not sentimentalize her case, and in the main her portrait is believable, though it is a little difficult to reconcile the poised, delightful Henrietta of the opening chapters with the uncertain and indeed unattractive figure who returns to her husband, thankful to have material prosperity at least, after her second marriage has come to its inevitable end.

The secondary attractions of the book are great. It offers clear and accurate descriptions of New York as it was in 1933, action photographs, as it were, of the speakeasy era, of hockey at Madison Square Garden, and also some sharp observations on the manners and methods of the press in dealing with a sensational divorce case. Miss Ross's family group is remarkably well drawn, too,—perhaps the breaking up of the Tulloch family causes for this reason a little confusion at the end of "Marriage in Gotham." The separate entities which made up the family fade out into nothingness, though together they are unforgettable. All that Miss Ross does, however, possesses interest, thanks to an adroit blending of journalistic clarity with something of Mrs. Wharton's powers of social analysis.

NO MATTER WHERE. By Arthur Train. Scribner's. 1933. $2.

Mr. Train is one of the nummerous American fiction writers who would be more usefully, though far less lucratively, employed in writing for the newspapers. He is a civilized man with sound if not startlingly novel ideas, but when he puts those ideas into fiction he often descends to an incredible naiveté. This story deals with a broker who went broke and decided to go back to the simple life at his ancestral home in Maine, only to find that farming, lobstering, and even blueberry-picking are skilled labor and that the cobbler should stick to his last. He finds also (besides a girl, of course, simple but adequately educated, pure but adequately hot) that not all rustics are virtuous or all New Yorkers vicious; that the simple life is a good thing but can be overdone; and that it can be lived in Jackson Heights or Woodside as well as back on the farm. All of which, told in words of one syllable, with vice and virtue, the true and the false, painted in bright colors so that nobody can fail to recognize them, will doubtless please many people; though not people whose personal company Arthur Train could endure for five minutes.

LAMB IN HIS BOSOM. By Caroline Miller. Harpers. 1933. $2.

This is the story of a family in a backwash Georgia community in the 1840's. Both in place and time it seems to be a product of that atavistic nostalgia which has inspired so many novels of the soil; for the Carvers are isolated from the current of history and might with a few changes represent similar isolated families today. Hence as the picture of a way of life "Lamb in His Bosom" has only the significance of curiosity; its real value lies in many passages of lyrical descriptive prose which have a considerable, if disembodied, beauty. In other passages, however, where the author goes behind her characters, the writing is forced and awkward. "Lamb in His Bosom" is the story of a succession of births and deaths, of simple people and elemental life. It is deeply felt, but the author conveys her feeling only when she ceases to be a novelist and becomes a poet.

EARL DERR BIGGERS TELLS TEN STORIES. Bobbs-Merrill. 1933. $2.

The ten stories may explain why their author was "translated into almost every cultured tongue"—to quote the inspired publicity department blurb. But, for this reader, they merely cloud the issue. They are completely, almost naively American—they are, essentially, pep stories that might have come from the promotion branch of any efficient business. It is difficult to imagine any "cultured" person, outside of the United States, reading them with pleasure.

Yet they are by no means stupid. They are utterly pellucid—an admirable quality in these trying times. They have shots of humor akin to Wodehouse's, when that lamented Englishman was still hitting on all cylinders. While, as a previous reviewer noted in these columns, it is a bit strange to find Thomas Beer on George Horace Lorimer's payroll, Earl Derr Biggers was a typical *Saturday Evening Post* staple. His little stories rested shamelessly on the long arm of coincidence, had the sweetest of biological twists, and glorified the sterling young American. Even his Charlie Chan series was based on an Oriental whose popularity may be ascribed to the fact that he was so comfortably Occidental.

THE UNPOSSESSED. By Yvonne Dufour. Dutton. 1933. $2.

Inasmuch as he was born and reared in the Samarian hills, of Rumanian Jewish parents who were among the first pioneers in reclaiming their home land, Anthony's first love was a half-mystic, half-voluptuous passion for the Mediterranean. Not to any woman, mother, sister or mistress, did he ever give as complete an allegiance as the classic sea demanded of him, although he was fated to meet many claims on his affections in his lifetime. Early in manhood he wandered to Cairo, to Marseilles and thence to Paris, where he became secretary to a famous philanthropist, and in due course his heir. Thus he was equipped with the means to lighten in some measure the burdens of mankind which were always to weigh heavily upon him, and to indulge in the finer points of love-making. He was a paradoxical combination, this philanthropic Casanova, this idealist in love who invariably evaded the after-claims of romance.

During the twenty-four hours of Anthony's birthday, the reader is offered a recapitulation of the major amours of his career, of their individual significances in his life; and by a contrapuntal arrangement of conversation and memory one grasps the important place which Anthony occupied in the affections of his victims. To each he represented the ultimate experience in love, to each he was forced, by some inner compulsion, to deny permanent allegiance. He could no more endure the ties of passion than he could bear the devouring maternal love of his youth, though he instinctively demanded love, and then politely suffered over the pain his eventual default invariably caused.

Mlle. Dufour presents the case for her hero with delicacy and sensibility, though without humor. Her analyses of Anthony's lovelorn ladies are more penetrating and convincing than is his personification, for there are moments when this romantic, lonely humanitarian resembles very closely a rather selfish, evasive prig, and the unregenerate reader will yearn (while admitting that it might blunt the story's point) to see this perennial bachelor get his "come-uppance" just once.

History

REPUBLICAN RELIGION. By G. Adolf Koch. Holt. 1933. $3.

This is a book of marked significance at the present time. It brings out the contrast between two conflicting ideals in the American mind. During the eighteenth century, as Dr. Koch says, American men of affairs in church and state, in business as well as in learned professions, were bound by ties of education, correspondence, and membership in learned societies, to kindred spirits abroad. Looking back, we may say, this was the most attractive period in our history. The great interest in foreign affairs brought about a spirit of urbanity which characterized our political leaders. Unfortunately, owing to the excesses of the French Revolution, and especially the attacks on established religion, reaction arose and the spirit of the frontier usurped the old interest in foreign affairs. Losing our internationalism, we became provincial and for a full century our policy was one of aloofness, isolation, and non-interference in things European.

Applying this thesis of Americanism as a kind of worship of the republic, the author is able to explain many of the baffling inconsistencies in our national mentality. We have, for example, the founder of democracy, Jefferson, at first immersed in foreign interests, but finally with his embargos and the like erecting a wall against European influences. In the same way the present high representative of democracy appears to oscillate between internationalism and the spirit of the frontier which takes little interest in foreign affairs and considers America an isolated unit, sufficient unto itself.

But here a paradox arises. The old worship of the American Revolution as inaugurating a political and social millennium was followed by an intellectual collapse. In place of the worship of reason through radicals like Ethan Allen and Tom Paine, there arose a worship through religious revivals; and in place of the religion of the republican millennium there arose a curious and most irrational belief in a millennium associated with the end of the world. The author, in a rather forced manner, calls this "The Triumph of Fidelity" in a paraphrase of the title of old President Dwight's "The Triumph of Infidelity." This "Pope of Connecticut" hated Ethan Allen, Tom Paine, and all the deists, but in spite of his fulminations there arose, as still another paradox, a whole tribe of respectable deists who resented the vulgarity of professional reformers and religious enthusiasts and at the same time repudiated the harsh tenets of Calvinism which put no trust in the rights of man or the goodness of human nature. In fine, Dr. Koch offers us a book of subtle suggestions regarding the conflicting currents, religious, political, and philosophical, in the stream of American thought.

Photo by George Platt Lynes.

Gertrude Stein

She is an eminent American woman, a long-time resident of Paris, who, by virtue of genius and honesty, both in her writings and her friendships, has had an incomparable influence on modern literature, art and music. She has written her autobiography, a book which does the same thing for literature and art during the last thirty years that LINCOLN STEFFENS' AUTOBIOGRAPHY does for politics.

The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas

The People in the Book
PABLO PICASSO
HENRI MATISSE
ERIC SATIE
ERNEST HEMINGWAY
SHERWOOD ANDERSON
EDITH SITWELL
JEAN COCTEAU
LYTTON STRACHEY
MABEL DODGE
LINCOLN STEFFENS
CARL VAN VECHTEN
JUAN GRIS
ROBERT COATES
JOHN REED
JOHN LANE
MILDRED ALDRICH
JANE HEAP
LOUIS BROMFIELD
BERNARD FAY
JANET SCUDDER
SIR FRANCIS ROSE
GERTRUDE ATHERTON

Alice B. Toklas is a real person, an intimate friend of Gertrude Stein's. But Gertrude Stein wrote this book, speaking of herself in the third person and of Miss Toklas as "I." She has done it as simply as Defoe did the autobiography of Robinson Crusoe, bringing all of her experimentation with words to bear in the production of a style that is lucid, artless, delightful. To get acquainted with Gertrude Stein, with the people that crowd her *atelier*, is to know, in a sense, why modern literature *is*—and to enjoy one of the most fascinating books of the past several seasons.

The People in the Book
WILLIAM JAMES
ALFRED WHITEHEAD
HENRI ROUSSEAU
ALFRED MAURER
GEORGES BRAQUE
ANDRÉ DERAIN
JO DAVIDSON
MAX JACOB
RAYMOND DUNCAN
PAUL ROBESON
JOSEPHINE BAKER
FORD MADOX FORD
EUGENE JOLAS
DELAUNAY
HARRY GIBB
ROGER FRY
WYNDHAM LEWIS
ROBERT EDMOND JONES
ANDRÉ GIDE
FRANCIS PICABIA
BERTRAND RUSSELL

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Miscellaneous

GHOSTS OF LONDON. By Elliott O'Donnell. Dutton. 1933. $3.50.

PINK PARADE. By J. B. Booth. The same. $4.

Here are two books on London, as different as possible, yet having one quality in common, at least for the middle-aged English reader, that they both recall ghosts of the past. Mr. O'Donnell has made a laboriously painstaking search after all the spooky places he can find in London, and though their name is legion, we should say that he has not missed one of them. His method is to go round with both ears open for ghost stories, and when he hears only the ghost of one, to follow it up. Apparently nothing is too incredible for his credulousness, and a spook has only to be rumored to be accepted as gospel. Indeed, the authentic record of a killing is *a priori* evidence that the locality is haunted." However, in his earnest pursuit of spectres the author covers a vast deal of ground and many acres of bricks and mortar in one of the most interesting areas in Europe, and there is much in his book to entertain the reader, whether superstitious or not.

Mr. Booth's volume is also about ghosts, but these are the ghosts of a London that, though recent, is as dead as any of Mr. O'Donnell's spooks and, unlike them, is incapable of staging a come-back. But the man who remembers his London of the 'nineties and early Edwardian days, reading these reminiscences of the sporting and semi-bohemian life of the time, will feel almost like a ghost himself and have to shake himself free of his memories.

It was the days of "The Man that Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," of "Hi-tiddley-hi-ti," and, later, "Ta-ra-ra-boom-deay"; of the Alhambra and the Empire (where reigned the incomparable Genée); of the "Pav." and the "Tiv." and the other London music-halls, that produced such artists as Dan Leno, Herbert Campbell, Marie Lloyd, Vesta Tilly, Lottie Collins, and a whole galaxy of stars, of whom the aging knight, Harry Lauder, is one of the few survivors. The author was a member of the staff of that famous and highly individual sporting sheet popularly known as the *Pink 'Un*, and had ample opportunity to see the life that he describes. Much of the book, however, is evidently hearsay rather than personal memories, and that horrible blight, "Americanization," according to Mr. Booth, is clearly responsible for the decline and fall of the London that really was London. Nevertheless, this is an entertaining book, especially if you happen to be middle-aged and in a sentimental mood.

Religion

THE ORDEAL OF WESTERN RELIGION. By Paul Hutchinson. Houghton Mifflin. 1933.

Mr. Hutchinson is the type of religious journalist who admits he does not mind crying "Fire! Fire!" down the highways and byways of America if, by so doing, he can quicken society to a realization of the ordeal through which Western religion must pass. But it is one thing to cry "Fire! Fire!" and another to know where the fire is.

The ordeal, according to him, is "due to the claim of Western churches to find their origin, the norm of their teaching, and their standards of conduct and authority in the career and words of Jesus of Nazareth." And the two horns of the dilemma which faces Western religion become a provincial Galilean's mode of life and expression and a civilization which is a "welter of armed camps and warring classes." One can without much difficulty admit the latter. But Mr. Hutchinson is skating on thin ice when he accepts Albert Schweitzer's "Quest of the Historical Jesus" as portraying the norm of his conception of Jesus. As he himself admits, it is a book on the discussion of whose merits, "scholarship, both churchly and secular, is now engaged with such feverish intensity." But the problem lies deeper than that. Even though the historical Jesus may be all that Schweitzer says he is, two thousand years of Christian thought have been at work building up a philosophy and ethic out of his thought; have been at the continual task of interpreting him to each succeeding generation until he has become, so to speak, the cumulative Christ, the Christ of the ages. And the accretions and overtones, the criticism and implementing, more vital in this day than ever before, are not without their influence. The sum of Christian thought available today, and the direction it is taking, are much more compelling forces than Mr. Hutchinson is willing to admit. So that the "fire," the ordeal through which modern religion must pass, is not so much the (impossible) reconciliation of a hillside Galilean to a power-mad world, but is rather the application of a developed Christian philosophy and ethic to a world sadly in need of change.

Though his book does not quite succeed in being what its subtitle claims it to be, "A Challenge to America," Mr. Hutchinson offers many thought-provoking facts from which the reader may draw his own conclusions.

Latest Books Received

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Fresco Painting. G. Hale. Rudge. $2.50.

BELLES LETTRES

Selected Essays. A. C. E. Allinson. Harcourt. $3. *God and My Garden.* M. E. Sangster. New York: Round Table.

BIOGRAPHY

The Journal of Gamaliel Bradford. Ed. Van Wyck Brooks. $4.50. *Cecil Rhodes.* S. G. Millin. Harp. $3.75.

DRAMA

End and Beginning. J. Masefield. Macmil. $1.50.

FICTION

Murder in the Bath. R. F. Didelot. Lippin. $2. *The Dumb Man.* I. Adams. Apple. $2. *Murder at Scandal House.* P. Hunt. $2. *Jane Eyre.* C. Brontë. Modern Lib. *Durbar.* D. Kincaid. Harcourt. $2. *Better Angel.* R. Meeker. Greenberg. $2. *The Hussy.* I. Williams. Greenberg. $2. *The Master of Jalna.* M. de la Roche. Little, Br. $2.50. *The Kaiser Goes, the Generals Remain.* T. Pliver. Macmil. $2. *Dark Hazard.* W. R. Burnett. Harp. $2.50. *Lamb in His Bosom.* C. Miller. Harp. $2. *The Warrielaw Jewel.* W. Peck. Dut. $2.

INTERNATIONAL

World Revolution and the U.S.S.R. M. T. Florinsky. Macmil. $2.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Art of Flower Arrangement in Japan. A. L. Sadler. Dut. $4. *Beaver, Kings and Cabins.* C. L. Skinner. Macmil. $2.50.

PSYCHOLOGY

Modern Man in Search of a Soul. C. G. Jung. Harcourt. $3. *Child Psychology.* A. T. Jersild. Prentice-Hall. $3.

RELIGION

Contemporary American Theology. Ed. V. Ferm. New York: Round Table Press. $3. *The Oxford Movement.* S. Leslie. Milwaukee: Bruce. $2. *Humanizing Religion.* C. F. Potter. Harp. $2.

The Resurrection of the Dead. K. Barth. Revell. $1.50.

SCIENCE

The Universe and Life. H. S. Jennings. Yale Univ. Pr. $1.50.

The World of Fossils. C. L. Fenton. Apple. $2. *Great Men of Science.* P. Lenard. Macmil. $3.

Outside Stuff

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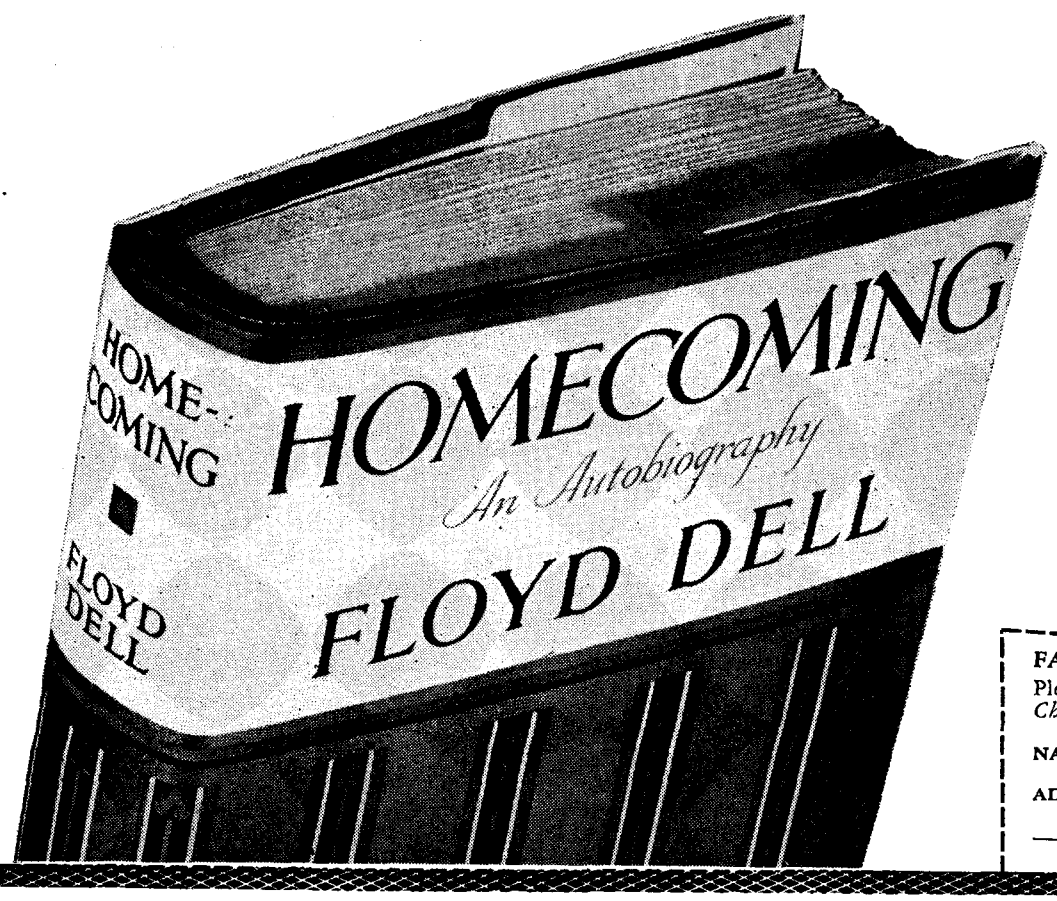
John Farrar



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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

MAGAZINERY—Where God Paints the Scenery!

WHAT I don't like about "A Journal of the Anarchist Ideal and Movement," published in San Francisco, is that it is called *"Man!"* with an exclamation point. Also its motto is "Man is the measurement of everything," which I don't at all believe. . . The more radical a periodical is, the more dogmatic it is—that is almost certain to follow. . . Another periodical comes to me printed on terrible paper, with the title in black block letters, *TONE*. The issue is of September 1st, and the Number is One. It is published at 66 Summer Street, Buffalo, N. Y. I remember Summer Street well. Now it puts forth this modern poetry magazine. The instigators are *Adele Japha* and *Robert O. Erisman*. . . Twenty-five cents a copy, seventy-five cents a year—must be a quarterly. . . I can't find anything of moment in it. . . *Lew Ney* and *Ruth Widen* have issued the first number of *The Latin Quarter-ly*. . . Will this new journal become the mouthpiece of Greenwich village? I wonder. *The Quill requiescat in pace. Lew Ney* has got *Art Young* drawing for him anyway. . . *Westward*, a *Magazine of Verse*, issued quarterly by *Florence R. Keene*, 1530 Leavenworth Street, San Francisco, California, has a swell frontispiece for its August issue. It is a very good reproduction of a photograph of my good friend, *Sara Bard Field*, author of *Barabbas*, recipient of California honors therefor, and one of the finest women in the world.

POET AND PHEASANT

John Farrar, eminent publisher, sends me a poem and some news of poems. It seems that *Stephen Vincent Benét* and *Rosemary Carr Benét* are doing a book of poems for children on American history, illustrated by *Charles Chambers*. John will publish it in the Fall. He tells me also that *Lizette Woodworth Reese's* new volume of poetry is a beauty, and that *"Shout!"* a revolutionary poem by *Bob Jenver* is worth watching for. In the Spring he intends to bring out *Alexander Laing's* narrative poem, and next autumn probably *Helene Margaret's* . . . On July 4th last, out at the farm, John sat under the trees and listened to a bird that was having itself a considerable time singing. It suggested the following lines to him, which I am very glad to print:

THE BIRDS CELEBRATE JULY 4th, 1933

O profusion of song in this golden season,
Notes flung high with inspired unreason,
Thrush in the distance and oriole near,
Chattering sparrow and meadow lark, clear
Over the nodding white heads of tall grasses,
The heaven-designed arching of hurried wings passes.

The birds have quite gone mad this mellow morning,
Branch and tilted stalk and bush adorning,
With speckled brown and blue and dash of scarlet
Because a mocking bird, intruding varlet,
Sits upon a branch of maple there
And flings his complex teasing on the air.

He is the bold disturber of the peace
Breaking up quiet rhythms with release.
This wanton imitator, genius, clown
Incites the passions of our forest town,
Coloring his tune with alien songs half-heard—
This dashing revolutionary bird.

. . . And to conclude these notes on things poetic I shall have the effrontery to mention that in November Duffield & Green will publish a volume of new poems by the head of this department, its title being "Starry Harness."

QWERTYUIOP

Eugene Manlove Rhodes writes me from Pacific Beach, California, that once when he was running a column in the *Binghampton Republic* he used *"Qwertyuiop"* as a pseudonym; just as I used it as a title for a series of comments on American literary history a few years ago. He also wrote under the name *Etaoin*. He separated the words *Qwert Yuiop*. He says this is of no interest to anyone except to him, and possibly to myself. But I think otherwise. I think it is of interest to at least one other person, *Christopher Morley*, who has also used *Etaoin* with *Shrdlu* ferninst. Also I think that *Quertyuiop* should be the password of all who pound the typewriter. There ought to be a *Qwertyuiop* club!

TWO AT A BLOW!

But hist!—am I indeed through with poetry comment for this week? It may not be. For at the door of my office lurks *Laurence C. Woodman* with a voluminous letter, announcing the imminent founding by a certain group of—not *one* modest single magazine, "but one joint 'little magazine' board's *two* magazines"—at least, that's the way it's worded! Well, this must be a development of NIRA, to employ more poets! But seriously, this bipartite magazine venture has to start out without paying for contributions yet offers an opportunity to all promising young writers to get their work in print. What it desires is short stories and "short short stories," poems, plays, essays, and it may even attempt the serialization of some longer work. The magazines will swing no particular propaganda, but will be open to good work of any kind. They want red-blooded stuff. Anyone interested should communicate with Lawrence C. Woodman, *The American Scene*, 45 West 35th Street.

PASSING SUMMER

By George, it *is* getting pretty late in the season—and I haven't taken a vacation yet! What reminds me is this communication from my friend *Arthur W. Bell*, who is luxuriating up at Falmouth, Massachusetts, where they have an excellent local theatre, and where I would to God I were:

AUTUMNAL INTIMATIONS

Wherever has the summer flown!
We would employ a phrase less trite
But nothing else expresses quite
How swift scarce budded bloom has blown.

From piping frogs to insects drone,
From dogwood white and lengthening light
To dog-days, seems but overnight
In Daylight Saving's short time loan.

Grass erstwhile green, as hay, is mown;
Who late admired her bursting might
Are saddened now by Nature's blight
And withered pods from seeds just sown.

The case is very like our own,
Each season's turn accents our plight;
Thus, half bewildered, half in fright,
And one year nearer to the unknown,
We cry; Where has the summer flown!

THOSE OLD ILLUSTRATORS

Lawrence S. Williams of Tenafly, N. J., rather warms my heart with the following letter:

The golden egg in a recent *Phoenix Nest* is your delightful recollection of the Illustrators *au temps jadis*. I began my career in the publishing game thirty years ago in the Art Department of *Scribner's Magazine* where I came to know *Clark* and *Adams* who shared a studio in Chelsea, *Fred Steele* and *Frost*, *Gibson*, *Howard Pyle*, and a dozen other artists who made our magazines the finest illustrated periodicals in the world. I have written some memories of those days that you might like to print sometime if I may send you the MS. when I return to New York next month. [You certainly may, and we shall be panting with expectation until we receive it!—Ed.]

Out here [Colorado Springs] it's cool and breezy on the fringe of the Rockies. [That's another place we'd like to be!—Ed.] "The Merry Widow" at Central City last week was great fun. A dead mining town of the '80s came to life with hundreds of cars from as far as N. Y. and Chicago, bars and gambling joints going full blast as in the days when the prospector had "dust" to plank down for a drink or a run at roulette. A bed-ridden woman friend of mine remarked as a party of girls started off to the Springs to see "Camille" last year, "Why those people want to drive 250 miles to watch a woman die of t. b. is by me. They can come and see me any day!"

And, in closing, Mr. Williams corroborates my late correspondent, *"Bill" Hall*, concerning *Seymour's* illustrations for *Pickwick*, and the later employment of *Buss* and *Hablot K. Browne*.

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PERSONALS

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ATTRACTIVE Chicago Jewess devoted to literature, music, philosophy and achievement of human understanding, desires companionship or correspondence from similarly inclined. Box 218.

GIRL, 21, some brains and education, well read, frantically seeking job. Any kind. Write box 219.

YOUNG attractive girl would like position as receptionist. Salary no object. Box 220.

BOY, 22, secondary education, slow-witted, victim Puritan instincts, wishes to earn living —anything. J. O. B.

UNIVERSITY education desired by proletarian but ambitious young man who needs financial assistance of some benign person. Elmer.

COLLEGE Student settling in New York desires to form group of interesting friends. Noblesse.

BODY, soul, and services offered in exchange for extensive travel abroad by young man, 24, university graduate, expert tennis player, etcetera. Companion, secretary, or valet. Yen.

BOY of nineteen desperately in need of job. Will do any kind of work. Ambitious.

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

H. W. E. W., New Orleans, La., asks if the book dealing with the childhood of Martin Luther, "The Schönberg-Cotta Family," is to be had in America, and asks for several biographies of Luther.

THE famous old novel by Mrs. Elizabeth Rundle Charles (1828-1896), "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family," from which the generation that learned about Mendelssohn's family life from "Charles Auchester" took its abiding impression of Martin Luther, is still in print, or rather reprint, for it is embalmed in Burt's Home Library. It is also published, cloth or boards, by the Augustana Book Concern, Rock Island, Illinois.

For a life of Luther, for the general reader, Dr. A. C. McGiffert's "Martin Luther, the Man and his Work" (Century), is an excellent choice; the "Life and Letters of Martin Luther" is by Preserved Smith (Houghton Mifflin), whose books about any aspect of the Reformation are fascinating. "Young Luther," by Robert Herndon Fife (Macmillan), is a reference work on his intellectual and religious development, up to 1518. Elsie Singmaster's "Martin Luther, the Story of his Life," is for young people (Houghton Mifflin). The latest biographical treatment is by Phillips Russell in "Harvesters" (Brentano 1932), where he is one of seven men considered as harvesters of social progress; the others include Da Vinci, Copernicus, Watt, and Thomas Jefferson. The brilliant Catholic theologian and critic, Jacques Maritain, makes him one of "The Three Reformers" (Scribner), the others being Descartes and Rousseau; it had the curious effect on me of making me, for the time of my reading, not only a Cartesian as I suppose I was by nature, but by sheer spirit of contradiction something on the edge of being a believer in Rousseau. This effect would not be likely to be produced by reading "Martin Luther: a Destiny," by Lucien Febvre (Dutton), and it would be a grand climax to a season's reading, holding a clear course between camps and driving with verve. For a comprehensive record and survey of the whole time, the four volumes of James Mackinnon's "Luther and the Reformation" (Longmans, Green), a monumental work which was completed in 1930, should be in every historical library.

There is another novel in which Luther appears: "Brother Martin," by Walter von Molo (Appleton); it does not deal with his whole life, but centers on the trial at Worms and the surrounding political intrigue.

C. *E., Evanston, Ill., asks what treatments of the Dido episode in the Fourth Book of the Æneid are found in the novel and the drama during the past forty years.* The only appearance of the tragic queen in American fiction for some time past is in Gertrude Atherton's "Dido, Queen of Hearts" (Liveright, 1929). F. C. Burnand's comedy "Dido" falls outside this inquiry, as it first appeared in 1860. "Dido, die Gründerin von Karthago," by Alois Ausserer, a three-act tragedy, was published by Wagner, Innsbruck, in 1912, and William Becker's five-act tragedy "Dido," by Lampart, Augsburg, in 1920: a bibliography of all German poetic treatment of the episode is included in Eberhard Semrau's "Dido in der Deutschen Dichtung" (De Gruyter and Co., Berlin, 1930), and there is an article on "The Place of Dido in History," by R. S. Conway, in the *Quarterly Review* for 1920. It would, of course, not be fair to include Christopher Marlowe's "Tragedy of Dido" in a forty-year list, but it does form a volume printed in 1930 of the "Life and Works of Christopher Marlowe," published by the Dial Press. For that matter, Purcell's charming opera—or would one call it a cantata—"Dido and Æneas," after lying inactive for years, was lately revived by a girls' school in England, and is now to be found in the music publications of the Oxford University Press—not the American Branch.

After all this, it is with something of a shock that I read in "Everyman's Encyclopedia" that Dido's stabbing herself on the funeral pyre was an anachronism; Carthage was not founded until three hundred years after the legendary fall of Troy. And that, one must admit, would make her a mighty old lady for such violent emotions—or exercise.

A. *R. H., Morganfield, Kentucky, asks, "Is Kallet and Schlink's '100,000,000 Guinea Pigs' absolutely error-proof?* I could not have run this department so long as I have without coming to the conclusion that nothing under high heaven is "absolutely error-proof." That heaven is witness to the fact I never had cause to claim such a crown. Nor desire to, either, remembering the affection with which my worst boners have been set right by loving friends. But my acquaintance, such as it is, with the libel laws makes me believe that no publisher would have taken a chance on that book unless it had been pretty nearly so.

A. *N. W., Wilmette, Ill., asks where to find the statement that religion offers no consolation to a woman equal to that of being well-dressed. "I once saw it in Mrs. Pepy's diary in* Life, *but did not preserve it," says she.* Let a homely truth with a tang in it get into American circulation, and it is likely to attach itself, like the mousetrap story, to Ralph Waldo Emerson. Thus I was brought up in the belief that somewhere in his informal table talk or somewhere in his essays could be found the remark that "the consciousness of being well-dressed confers a peace of mind that religion is powerless to bestow." But clinging to the rule of the *Guide*, to look up a quotation in "Hoyt's New Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations" (Funk & Wagnalls) and if it isn't there to look no further, I found it given thus: "To a woman, the consciousness of being well-dressed gives a sense of tranquillity which religion fails to bestow," and the attribution is to Mrs. Helen Bell, of whom the index has to say only that she died in 1835. But before she did, she said, if I may be permitted the expression, a mouthful.

G. *B. H., Kansas City, Mo., noticed that J. T. Winterrich in reviewing* Mr. Benét's "Fifty Poets: an Auto-Anthology" said that the indecsion with which some of the poems were chosen "recalls that general favorite of the anthologists of an earlier generation (who wrote it and what was it called?)" in which a father has to choose which child shall be adopted by the local capitalist.

For Mr. Winterich's edification, says G. B. H., we are happy to report that this old poem was written by one Mrs. E. L. Beers, and was published in the old "McGuffey's Fourth Reader." The title of the poem was "Which?" I take down the old "Fourth Reader" from my shelf of *precious* books, and read again the old poem—the first verse of which is:

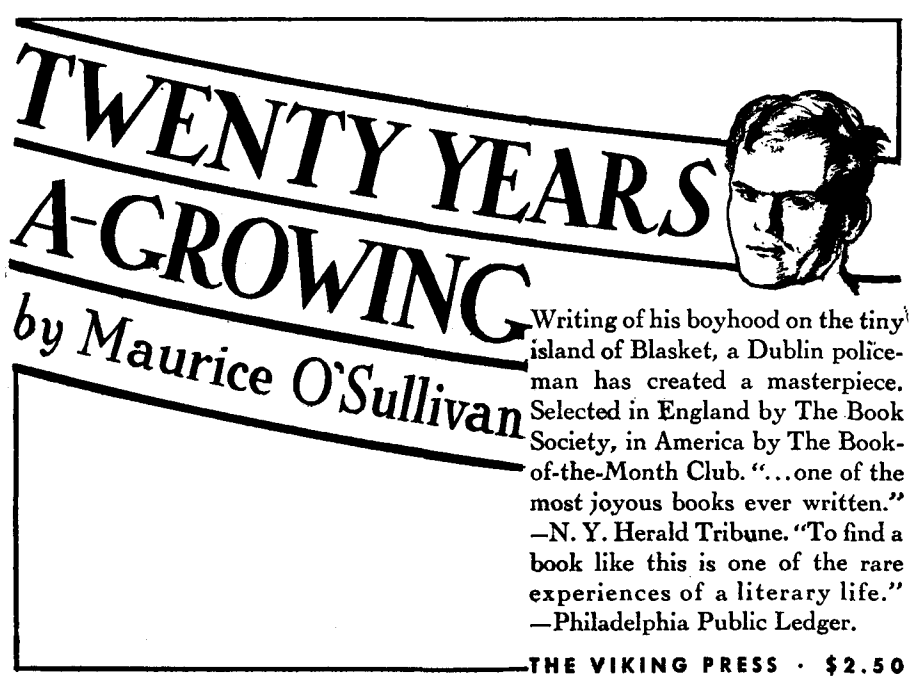
Which shall it be? Which shall it be?
I looked at John—John looked at me;
Dear, patient John, who loves me yet,
As well as though my locks were jet;
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak:
"Tell me again what Robert said!"
And then I, listening, bent my head.
"This is the letter:"
I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If, in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for aye is given.
I looked at John's old garments worn,
I thought of all that John had borne,
Of poverty and work, and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share;
I thought of seven mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this: "Come John," said I,
We'll choose among them as they lie."

The McGuffey's reader in which the poem first appeared was published in 1879 (which, incidentally, DATES the writer of this epistle . . . but we had no business to remember it!)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE PRIME MINISTER'S PENCIL *Cecil Waye* (H. C. Kinsey & Co., $2.)	Secretary of a prominent public figure in England found dead. This is eclipsed by violent death of the Prime Minister in his room at the House of Commons. Christopher Perrin, private investigator, follows his own hunch.	Good local color; Perrin and his friend Philpott of Scotland Yard well characterized. Mystery suffers because title of story gives too direct a clue. But excellently written.	Readable
MURDER IN THE BATH *R. F. Didelet* (Lippincott: $2.)	Translation from French describes Parisian police activity subsequent to discovery of strangled American girl (with past) in tub.	Rather lurid yarn with several effective touches and extra melodramatic conclusion. Sleuthing highly colored but adequate.	'arf-and-'arf
MURDERS AT SCANDAL HOUSE *Peter Hunt* (Appleton-Century-$2.)	Too-well-informed chauffeur of rowdy rich family is murdered in Adirondack swamp and vacationing policechief gets busy.	Closets full of family skeletons, lusty characterizations, eerie atmosphere veil fact that double murder almost solves itself.	Tip-top



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NEXT WEEK
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DON'T MISS
SATURDAY REVIEW

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Old Quercus sometimes wonders whether Arthur Hopkins's excellent book about playwriting—*How's your Second Act?* published 1918—is still in print. Some of Mr. Hopkins's remarks to dramatic critics are equally pertinent for book reviewers. For instance:—

> Don't use criticism to impress yourself. You haven't any right to do it. You, yourself, mean nothing in the matter. You are simply the instrument, you need not be concerned about how you come out. Others will take care of that and much better than you can.

☞Paying his semi-occasional visit to the always delightful Country Life Press at Garden City, to see how the gardens were getting on, Old Quercus glanced at the Visitors' Book which Doubleday, Doran and Company keep in the firm's dining room. He was interested to see that it was given to F. N. Doubleday by Ernest Dressel North, the bookseller, when the Press was built in 1910. North wrote in it—a very appropriate inscription for our good friend Effendi—the famous verse which you will find in Proverbs xxii, 29.

☞E. D. North, F. N. Doubleday, and Edward Bok all went to work as youngsters at Scribner's, about the same time (1877, I think it was). Mr. North stayed there twenty-five years and then went into business for himself.

☞There has been a distinct diminution of Blurb in publishers' trade halloos. Old Quercus has seen nothing for some time to match the three successive blasts with which, a few years ago, a prominent bob-lisher blew the bull's horn in the *Publishers' Weekly*. On three consecutive weeks this publisher announced three different novels in the P. W. in these terms:—

On Jan. 2: "With this book Mr. —— will become one of the most popular novelists in America."

On Jan. 9: "Never before in our experience has a novel aroused such interest in advance of publication."

On Jan. 16: "Our firm and decided conviction that no book with anything like so popular an appeal has ever appeared on the —— list."

☞If you try to guess who the publisher was you will probably guess wrong. Even he himself, if he should read this, wouldn't remember.

☞Among brief Trade Winds biographies that of Harry Calvin Hartman, the famous blind bookseller of Seattle, should certainly be included. Hartman was born in Waynesboro, Pa., in 1896. He entered Haverford College in 1916, left in 1919, was granted his A.B. degree at Haverford in 1924 (as of the class of 1920). In college he was leader of the Glee Club. He taught in schools for the blind in Cleveland and in Seattle. He married in 1921. His bookshop in Seattle, which has become one of the admired institutions of that city, was started in 1926. His opening announcement said:—

> *"You will find to receive you Representatives from the Wise and Witty of All Time, as well as many Enlightening and Entertaining Persons of Our Own Age.*
>
> *"You are invited to make the acquaintance of these Distinguished People with the hope that some permanent friendships may be formed."*

☞Perhaps no bookseller has encountered more literary talents in their salad days than the admired old house of Blackwell in Oxford. Blackwell's is not only a large bookstore but also does an increasing business in publishing. The firm has long made a habit of publishing undergraduate ventures in writing, and has put the earliest imprint upon many writers since widely known. Among the list of those for whom Blackwell published in their beginnings are such names as Laurence Binyon, Gilbert Murray, Julian Huxley, Owen Seaman, John Buchan, Philip Guedalla, A. P. Herbert, Aldous Huxley, Maurice Baring, Edmund Blunden, Richard Hughes, the Sitwells, Hilaire Belloc, L. A. G. Strong. Surely a remarkable record for a university bookstore.

☞Once Old Quercus discussed with Basil Blackwell a pet scheme of his own—international exchange of booksellers. The notion was that some leading American bookstore should send one of its more intelligent clerks to work in an English shop for a year, for the benefit of the experience and stimulus; accepting for the same time the services of a salesman from an English house. Would this be practical, or helpful? It's an interesting notion. There would need to be chosen, for the experiment, two persons of rare adaptability—the kind of people, in Mary Ellen Chase's phrase, "who can be safely entrusted with an education."

☞One of Poor Old Quercus's favorite pictures—he doesn't really know why—is the accompanying illustration which he found on a copy of *The Colophon*, that

luxurious quarterly for collectors. The significance of it has never been stated, but Old Quercus likes to suppose it suggests the soul of the Perfect Reader pursuing what C. K. Ogden called The Meaning of Meaning.

☞One of the most remarkable literary achievements Quercus has heard of is reported by Longmans, from Eva Le Gallienne's autobiography, "At 33," which they will publish this fall. When she was twelve, unable to afford a copy of Sarah Bernhardt's "Autobiography," she borrowed the book and copied it by hand. ☞As in the case of many interesting items from publishers, Quercus would like more details. Did she copy it in French or in English? And how long was it?

☞The last issue of *Time* attempts to unlock Paul Horgan's *roman à clef*, "The Fault of Angels." Quercus doubts the authenticity of some of *Time's* identifications, particularly that of Mr. Horgan's Russian opera conductor, Arenkoff, with the symphony conductor Eugene Goossens. Who then is supposed to be represented by the character of Philip Regis?

☞The little Book House on Nantucket writes Quercus that business on the island has picked up enough to provide for a garden party, given in honor of the Nantucket author, Caroline Dale Snedecker.

☞Quercus likes the composing-room slug, a first cousin to etaoin shrdlu, which Doubleday, Doran have proved up and enlarged as a head for their publicity releases. It reads: "!!! latest news from doubleday doran . . authors, books, sales xgypq!!!" Quercus has seen publishers' enthusiasm more articulate, but seldom more contagious.

☞Richard B. Glaenzer of McBride is the second publisher in a year to have edited a book of humorous sketches. Quercus would be interested in comparing the sales figures of Mr. Glaenzer's "Spoofs" with those of "Comic Relief," which Bob Linscott of Houghton Mifflin put together last fall. Quercus congratulates the editor of "Spoofs" for getting permission to reprint a letter of Bernard Shaw, notoriously wary of anthologies.

☞Slogan for Gertrude Stein: Toklas and say more.

Going the rounds of the WORD-OF-MOUTH CLUB

Though it's an ancient Order, our organization of the Word-of-Mouth Club has met with inspiring enthusiasm on all sides. A gentleman writes from West Eleventh Street, New York, that he's "already a member," but delighted with the idea of a club of comment, for friends and foes. His note is typical of many we've received.

PERHAPS the most discussed novel among the members of the Word-of-Mouth Club this week is Booth Tarkington's **PRESENTING LILY MARS.** Christopher Morley, George Ade, Lewis Gannett, Harry Hansen, Fanny Butcher are among those who've already joined up for this book. As BOOKS says: "Lily Mars is the last word in what makes a great actress."

Now Walter Yust steps forward with a comment which reminds us of William Dean Howell's famous remark that "No Englishman standing on tiptoe can approach the climax of THE TURMOIL and as for any American—" Mr. Yust writes in: "Booth Tarkington at his best is unapproachable by any American contemporary and in PRESENTING LILY MARS he is assuredly at his best. This is a story of how genius develops in the theatre. It is a splendid example of the work of the Dean of American novelists."

John Clair Minot, writing in "The Boston Herald," joins, too, with these words: "The publishers are not at all extravagant in their claims when they set PRESENTING LILY MARS on a level with its author's Pulitzer Prize winners, ALICE ADAMS and THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS."

Mark Sulivan once said that Tarkington's characters composed the finest gallery of American portraits, and Lily Mars, who steps out of her story as real as any girl you've ever known, takes her honored place in this gallery.

We're going to press with a Third Large Printing of the book this week. $2.50

LAST Spring the University of Hawaii invited Christopher Morley to deliver a series of lectures on literature and suggested afterward that they be put into print. We've been hearing all sorts of appreciative comments on this little book—**SHAKESPEARE AND HAWAII**—"Soliloquies filled with wit and penetration," William Lyon Phelps calls the Essays. Word-of-Mouth Club members should delight in this genuine, revealing, criticism of Shakespeare.

"A fresh breeze over Avon," says the Public Ledger, and Muriel Fuller of the N. Y. World-Telegram says that this is the kind of writing that one turns to again and again, "as a springboard for excursions into Mr. Morley's own particular realm of thoughts."

It's a slim but important volume—100 pages of vigorous, beautiful writing for $1.00.

OTHER of our books which continue to stir the Word-of-Mouth Club to active missionary endeavor are Richard Aldington's **ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES** (3rd Printing), Robert Hichens' **THE PARADINE CASE** (3rd Printing), and the new novel by the author of "The Loving Spirit," Daphne du Maurier's **THE PROGRESS OF JULIUS**—"volcanic and elemental, bizarre and brutal" says Lisle Bell of the N. Y. Herald Tribune.

All five books are available at all bookshops.

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